# PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE
FOR MEN

KICKING ASS WITH
PET OF THE MONTH
**OLIVE GLASS**

PET OF THE YEAR
RUNNER-UP
CHRISTIANA CINN

THE PATHOLOGY
OF SEX

LIPSTICK LIES

CLIMATE CHANGE
AND OTHER SCARY
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## ALTERNATIVE FACTS

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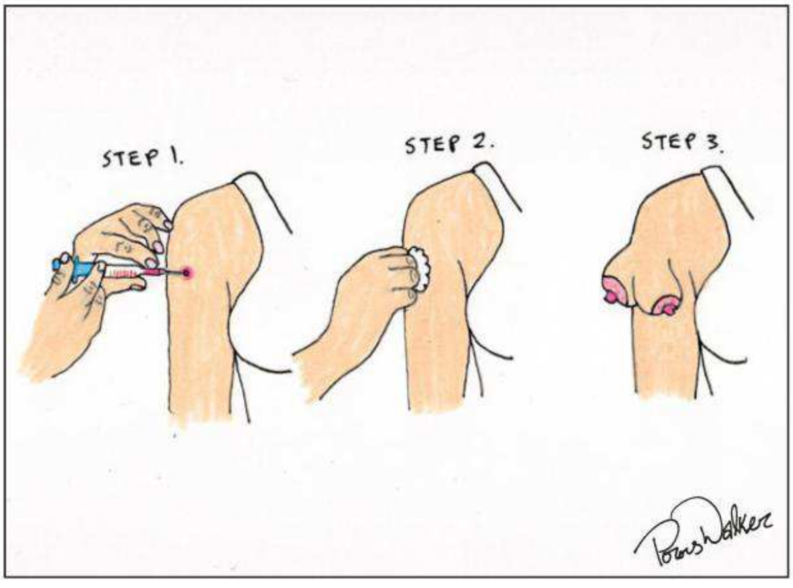
## FROM THE EDITOR

MANY of you have been extremely vocal in your praise (and criticism) of the magazine and our hard work. Actually, only a few of you have given up praise…most of you have been critical. And aside from the rather colorful name-calling–pissflap, shitmagnet, knob jockey, cuntpuddle, assface, fuckbucket, twatwaffle, and jizzmuffin being some of my favorites–many of your insights have been on point: more pubes, no pubes, tall girls, thick girls, big tits, round butts, more politics, less politics…and this discourse is healthy. My perspective is obscured by my taste, values, leanings, and point of view, while you–our loyal readers–have your own. And I think that we are building a damn fine magazine together. To me, shit usually goes off the rails when things go unchecked. That's why we have systems. That's why we, as a culture, encourage free thought, healthy discourse, and debate. Just because you're a politician doesn't necessarily mean that you're for the people. Just because you're a scientist doesn't necessarily mean you don't have ulterior motives. But, just because I don't agree with your point of view doesn't mean that you should be muzzled. Contrarians should be heard, free thought should be unencumbered, and scientific progress should be encouraged.

Enjoy!

**Raphie Aronowitz**
whatthefuck@penthouse.com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STEP 2.
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Porous Walker

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### PET OF THE YEAR RUNNER-UP

Introducing our Pet of the Year Runner-Up, Christiana Cinn

PENTHOUSE

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April 2017
Pet of the Month
Niki Skyler

# MAIL DOMINANCE

**TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING**
Really, Raphie, are you gay or bisexual? I read a men's mag as I am a man. Anal sex is something where a man is the doer, not the receiver (unless he's bi). If I want a gay mag I will buy one (not!). Do me a favor and delete the next April Fools issue from my order and keep all the gay sex confined to lesbians, okay?

*—Leo T., via email*

**[Ed: I definitely played it fast and loose with the gay shit for April Fools, but this email makes it all worth it.]**

**JEW GOTTA BE FUCKING WITH ME**
Who are Hugh Hefner and Bob Guccione? They are the publishers of the two mainstream male pornographic American magazines, *Playboy* and *Penthouse,* respectively. Hugh Hefner has a Jewish surname and Bob Guccione, I believe, has Jewish ancestry. Historically, persecuted Jews often sought sanctuary in Italy and Sicily. For some reason, biology provides a strong frugality emotion and an incredibly weak guilt emotion to Jews and to their successors for their survival.

*—Robert L., via USPS*

**[Ed: Frugal? I thought I was rather generous with the homoerotic articles in April.]**

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The average male can produce enough sperm to impregnate every woman on Earth in just two weeks.

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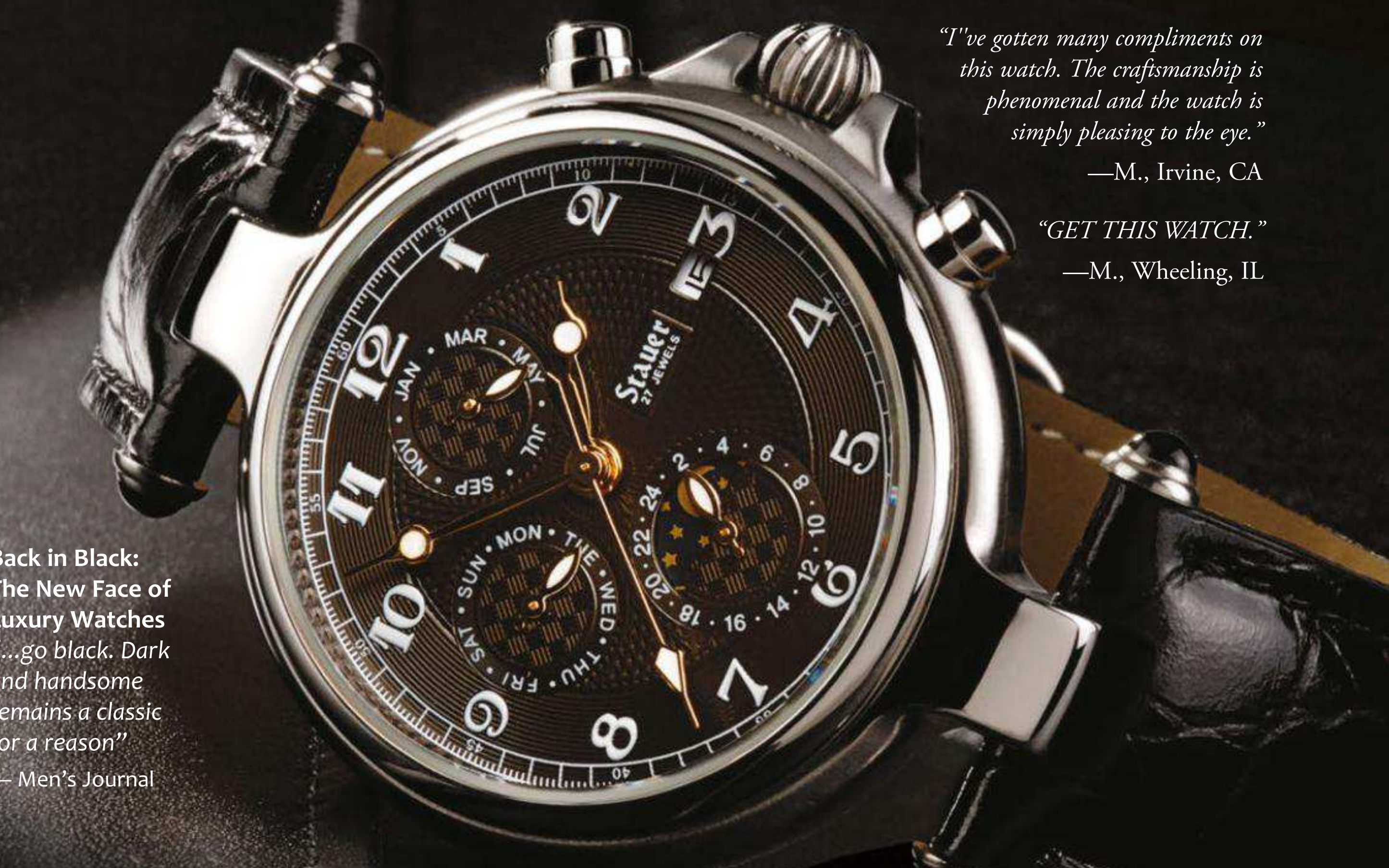

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—M., Irvine, CA

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—M., Wheeling, IL

**Back in Black: The New Face of Luxury Watches**
*"...go black. Dark and handsome remains a classic for a reason"*
— Men's Journal

# I'LL TAKE MINE BLACK...NO SUGAR

In the early 1930s watch manufacturers took a clue from Henry Ford's favorite quote concerning his automobiles, "You can have any color as long as it is black." Black dialed watches became the rage especially with pilots and race drivers. Of course, since the black dial went well with a black tuxedo, the adventurer's black dial watch easily moved from the airplane hangar to dancing at the nightclub. Now, Stauer brings back the "Noire", a design based on an elegant timepiece built in 1936. Black dialed, complex automatics from the 1930s have recently hit new heights at auction. One was sold for in excess of $600,000. We thought that you might like to have an affordable version that will be much more accurate than the original.

**Basic black with a twist.** Not only are the dial, hands and face vintage, but we used a 27-jeweled automatic movement. This is the kind of engineering desired by fine watch collectors worldwide. But since we design this classic movement on state of the art computer-controlled Swiss built machines, the accuracy is excellent. Three interior dials display day, month and date. We have priced the luxurious Stauer *Noire* at a price to keep you in the black... only 3 payments of $33. So slip into the back of your black limousine, savor some rich tasting black coffee and look at your wrist knowing that you have some great times on your hands.

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# LETTER OF THE MONTH

## WEED WHACKER

WHEN I was in my early twenties, I got a job trimming weed up in Northern California. I had just broken up with my long-term girlfriend and needed to get away from Sacramento for a while. I had always been an athlete and I wasn't a huge pot smoker myself, but my brother's friend offered me the job knowing I wanted to get out of town and away from my ex.

Trimming paid well and it was mindless. We all worked and lived on the farm, and we'd spend all day shacked up with more bud than you could imagine, blasting classic rock as we carefully prepared the harvested weed.

I liked everyone I trimmed with, but I was definitely the odd man out. There were six of us: four guys, two girls. Two of the guys were best friends. One of the girls came there with her boyfriend and the two of them were glued to one another, existing in their own little stoner love bubble. The other girl was a punk rock chick from Los Angeles named Tiny. The name suited her. She barely reached my shoulders, had freckles across her pierced nose, and a punk haircut (long in front, buzzed elsewhere). She wore the same ratty jean vest and motorcycle boots every day.

Tiny was quiet and rarely talked to any of us unless she needed something. Though she was the opposite of any girl I would normally go after, I did notice she had an undeniably gorgeous face with huge cartoonish eyes and big lips. She looked like a fucked-up Disney princess in street-rat clothing.

One morning, I came in and found Tiny sitting with her back to the entrance, her headphones filling the room with secondhand noise. As I walked around to sit across from her at the table, I noticed she had left her beat-up vest behind and was wearing a tank top. Her tits were huge. Natural, luscious, glistening with dewy sweat, and barely contained by her shirt. I must have been gaping at her like a moron, because she finally looked up, ripped off her headphones, and said, "What's your problem, John?"

I jumped off planet Tiny's Glorious Tits and met her eyes. "I just never noticed that horse tattoo on your shoulder before," I said. "It's really cool." I figured I sounded like a douche, but I had to say something.

She turned to inspect her right shoulder and smiled for the first time in weeks. "One of my friends did this for me a few years ago," she said. "He's such a good artist. I don't regret this one like I do with most of my other shitty tattoos."

For the first time, Tiny and I actually talked. She was up here trimming because she had lost both her band and her boyfriend within the same week. She played bass for her ex's band but when she dumped him, he kicked her out and replaced her with one of his friends. She was still bitter, but it seemed like Tiny was perpetually pissed off. She was like this tightly wound ball of angst. It was shockingly hot.

"I don't even give a shit about weed," she said, brushing off the sticky bud dust that had fallen onto her lap. "Do you? All these kids are just stoners. They are so dumb and lazy, you could pay them in product."

"Yeah, I don't care about weed either," I said. It started to occur to me that none of the other trimmers had showed up yet. Where was everyone?

Tiny pulled out a flask from her purse and took a swig before extending it to me. "Whiskey?" she asked, then she pulled it back towards her beautiful tits. "Or are you going to get all judgmental?"

"Never," I said. I grabbed the flask and took a swig.

As if on cue, the PDA couple came in, Tiny put her headphones back on, and I headed to a table to start trimming. But that night, as I was sprawled out on my bed contemplating if I should watch RedTube or Netflix, I heard a knock at my door.

"It's Tiny," she whispered from behind the door. "Come out."

She was standing there with a bottle of Jim Beam, wearing the same tank top. Had her tits grown in the last eight hours? Jesus Christ, they were fantastic.

"I'm bored," she said, rolling her doe eyes. "Wanna get drunk?"

We walked out into the fields, passing the bottle back and forth, until we found a secluded spot. By then I was starting to

**THE MORE LIQUOR I GOT IN ME, THE MORE I WANTED TO TITTY-FUCK THAT AMAZING RACK.**

feel the booze. I hadn't made a move on a random chick in so long. But the more liquor I got in me, the more I wanted to titty-fuck that amazing rack.

I was pretty buzzed and lost in thought when she suddenly straddled me. She dug her heels into the ground and pushed her boobs so close to my face I could taste them. She pulled her shirt off over her head and I went for it. I sucked on her perfect, hard nipples, moving back and forth between the two, while grabbing her plump, writhing ass. Fucking heaven.

As I sucked her tits, she reached down to take a sip of bourbon, pulled my chin up toward her face and kissed me, spilling the liquid between our mouths. It dribbled down her naked chest. We kissed so hard my jaw felt detached. Tiny got off my lap and commanded I stand up. She unzipped my jeans, pulled out my cock, and poured more booze all over her tits.

Positioning her small body as fast as I could, I glided my dick between her huge, wet tits as she squeezed them together. I slowly thrusted and she tried to lick my throbbing head every time it got anywhere near her chin. She let out this maniacal giggle that made my boner swell to impossible girth. Who the fuck was this dirty little unicorn?

I pulled her up, ripped off her jeans and underwear, and picked her up as she wrapped her legs around me. I could feel her wet pussy on my stomach and shoved my cock inside her. We went at it hard, sweating and fucking violently like we were trying to murder one another. Tiny bit my arms and squealed with pleasure. "Your dick is so fucking big," she moaned. "Turn me around and fuck me in the ass."

My ex-girlfriend was terrified of anal and basically kept a chastity belt on her butthole at all times. Now here was Tiny, demanding it. Revving with excitement, I flipped her around, pressed her face into the tree, held onto her breasts for balance, and started to slide my cock into her asshole. It was so tight I almost came while only half inside her.

"Shove it in, I like the pain," she charged. I obliged and fucked her ass so deep my chest was crushing her as she gasped and moaned. I reached around to touch her clit and she slapped my hand away. I had been trying so hard not to come my brain was twisting into knots. Thank fuck the whiskey was keeping me numb.

"Come in my ass," she screamed, and seconds later I blew the biggest load of my life inside her. When I pulled out, she rubbed her hand between her cheeks, turned around to face me, and shoved her fingers into her mouth, licking everything off until it was clean. Then she grabbed my face and kissed my nose like some kind of a weird thank-you.

Blissed-out and exhausted, we dropped to the grass and leaned against our Fucking Tree. Tiny grabbed the bottle of Beam and took a sip before offering the rest to me.

"I always wanted to get fucked by a jock," she confessed.

I laughed.

"You were a jock, right?" She was peering at me inquisitively.

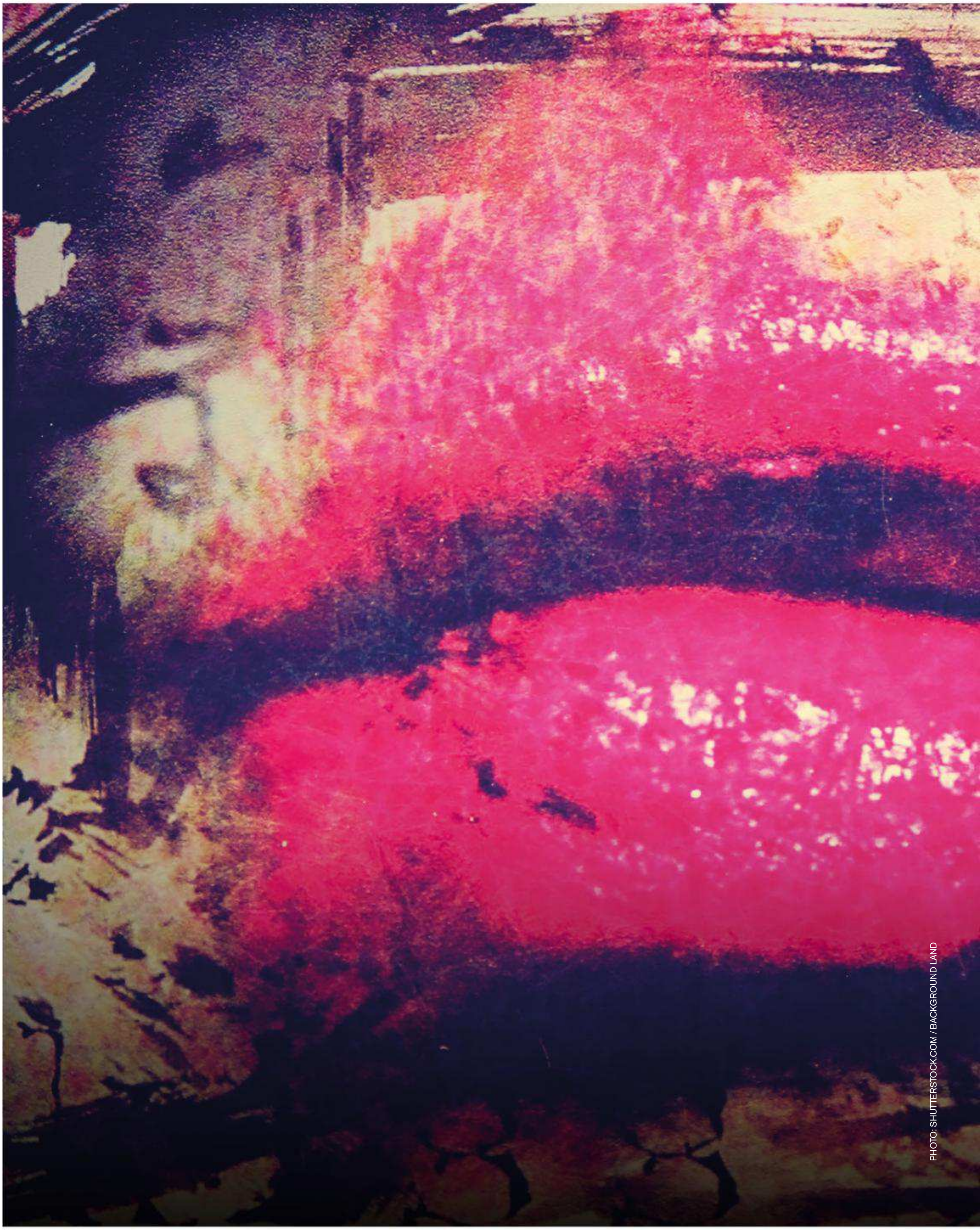
"Well, yeah, now that you mention it, yup, sure was," I replied. "Total jock."

I would have said anything at that point. I was more than happy to be used as the meat in her lingering high school fantasy.

***—Jamie K., Sacramento, California***

**CONTINUED ON PAGE 124**

Seeing is believing. When you've had the encounter you've been hoping for, let us know about it! Send your letters to: *Penthouse* magazine, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA 91311, or email us at letters@penthouse.com.



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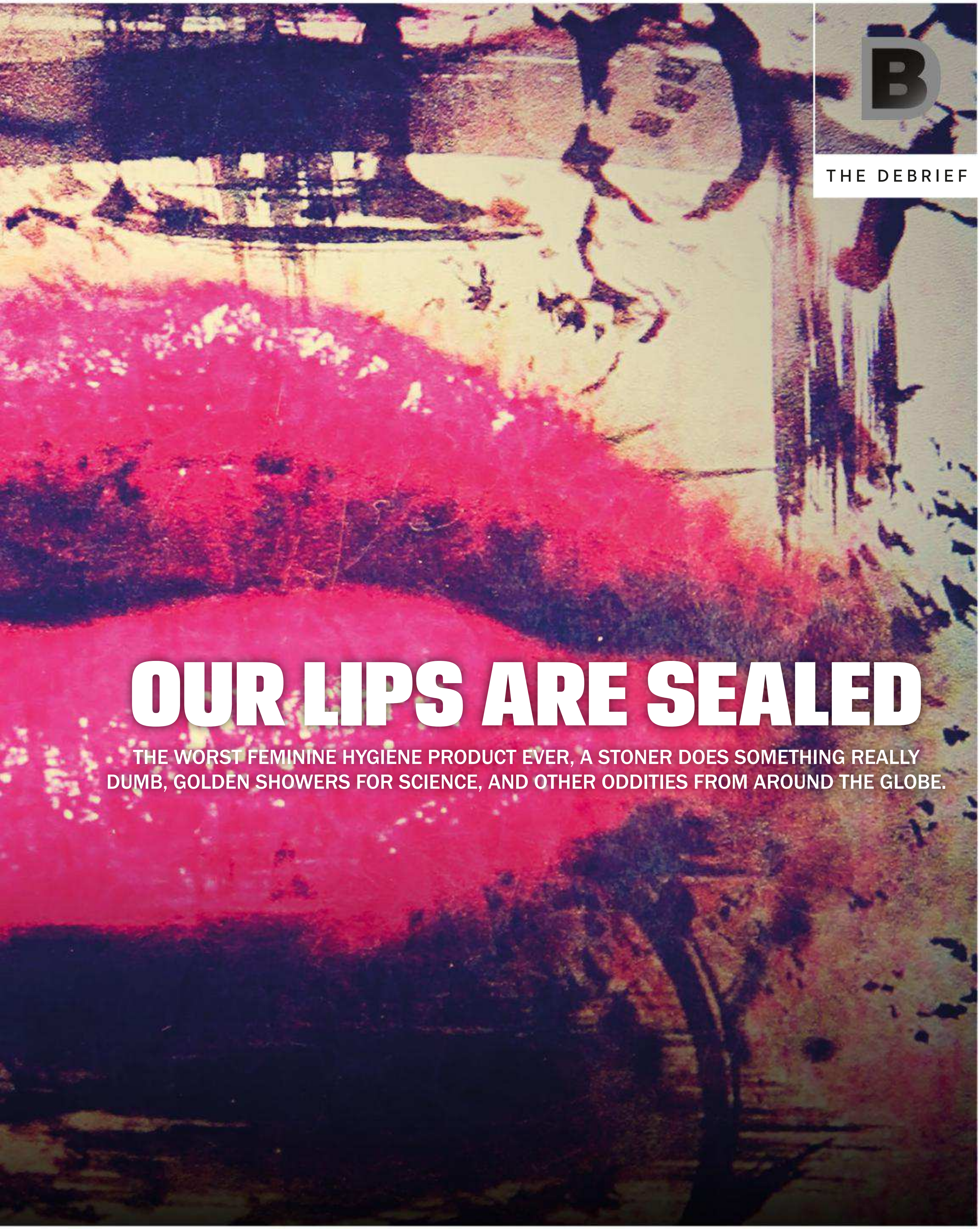
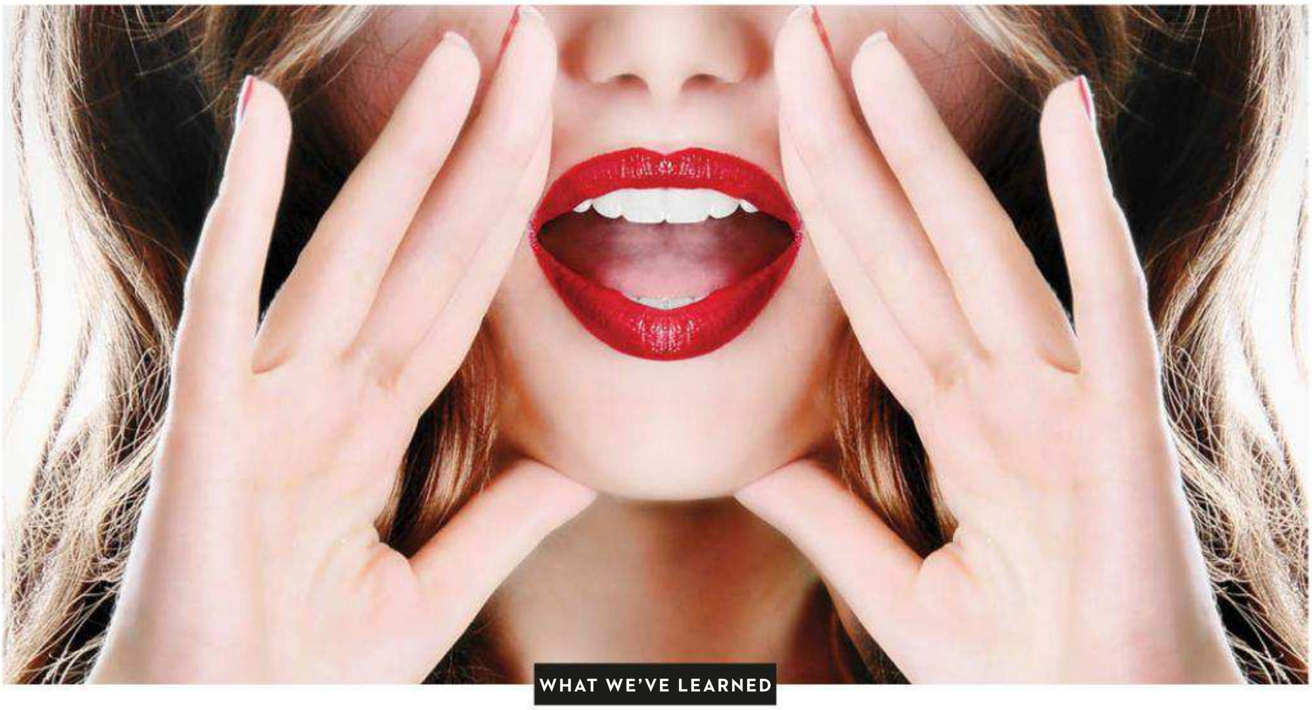


# OUR LIPS ARE SEALED

THE WORST FEMININE HYGIENE PRODUCT EVER, A STONER DOES SOMETHING REALLY DUMB, GOLDEN SHOWERS FOR SCIENCE, AND OTHER ODDITIES FROM AROUND THE GLOBE.



WHAT WE'VE LEARNED

# LIPSTICK LIES

IN the high-stakes world of feminine hygiene, the Darwin Award goes to Daniel Dopps, a chiropractor who compares a woman's naughty bits to a "self-cleaning shower drain," whatever the fuck that is. And "Dr." Dopps has created what he calls the Mensez Adhesive Vaginal Lipstick, a tampon alternative that's "sure to be a hit"–with no woman…ever.

The idea is for a woman to apply the lipstick to her labia, which "causes them to cling together in a manner strong enough to retain menstrual fluid," said Dopps. The compound "is instantly washed away with urine, and releases the menstrual fluid…into the toilet." He added it's a "personal hygiene product and should not be shared with others," in case we needed further proof he's never met a woman in real life.

The U.S. Patent and Trademark office actually granted a patent to this comedy-show-skit-of-an-invention in January. "[You women] should have come up with a better solution [than] diapers and plugs, but you didn't," Dopps opined on Facebook. "Reason being women are focused on and distracted by their period 25 percent of the time, making them far less productive than they could be."

Clearly, the only hole that really needs plugging is Dopps' mouth.

# DUDE, WHERE'S MY WEED?

**SMOKING pot can make us do some really dumb shit, which is probably the case with the person who donated a cooler full of marijuana to a Goodwill store in Monroe, Washington.**

**Although weed can be sold for both medical and recreational use in Washington State, it's only lawful to possess an ounce or less for personal use. Anything more than 40 grams is a felony that can carry a five-year jail sentence and a $10,000 fine. There was nearly four pounds of it inside the cooler.**

**Monroe police are smiling big in a photo they posted of the seizure on Twitter, and are probably in the process of smoking it all as they check Goodwill's security footage to see if they can identify the absentminded angel who left them roughly $24K worth of Buddha for their upcoming bake sale.**

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / ALINA CARDIAE PHOTOGRAPHY / AMOPHOTO_AU

# ALICE IN QUANTUM WONDERLAND

TIME crystals, a new phase of matter, only existed on paper since they were first theorized by Nobel laureate Frank Wilczek in 2012. However, earlier this year, a team of UC Berkeley physicists created the recipe for one and published their findings in *Physical Review Letters,* and in March, physicists at Harvard and the University of Maryland both independently created a time crystal in their labs. Just another case where the stuff of fantasy becomes a reality.

Now, of course, shit gets weird, because a time crystal isn't something you can hold in your hands. They exist only in *quantum* physical form, whatever that is. Let's just say time crystals are super complicated and all we really know is that the magnitude of this scientific breakthrough is insane, because it might have huge technological implications. For example, time crystals have the potential to form the basis for a nearly perfect memory unit for powerful quantum computers. Problems that would take a network of every computer on Earth years to process could be done in a day by a single quantum computer. Even physicists can't fully get their heads around it.

A traditional computer says something is *this* or *that,* but a quantum computer processes all possible outcomes in a given timeframe simultaneously, turning everything we conventionally understand on its head.

Think of a traditional computer as three people playing jump rope: Bob and Carl hold the end of the rope and Alice jumps in the middle. Every three seconds, Bob and Carl's arms make one full rotation for Alice to jump. Now to understand a quantum computer, imagine Bob and Carl's arms make multiple full rotations, but the rope only makes one full rotation. Put differently, Bob and Carl's arms might make four full rotations, but Alice only has to jump once—which is pretty fucking tweaked, right?

Welcome to the quantum wonderland.

PHOTOS: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / ALEKSEY FEDENOK / SVITLANA

# FAPPER'S DELIGHT

REMEMBER the scene from *Anchorman* when all the guys are sitting around in Ron Burgundy's office the morning after he hooks up with Veronica Corningstone and they start singing "Afternoon Delight"? Well, it seems like the fellas at KVWN may have been on to something.

Think about it: You can usually tell who got laid the night before by their mood in the morning. They don't have to say anything, you just know. Now, there's actual scientific research that shows how having sex feeds the pleasure and reward centers of the brain, like giving MDMA to a lab rat, making you feel better about facing the next day. It doesn't take a genius to figure that one out, but it's cool that science has our backs.

However, while sex boosts your mood enough to keep you on point the next day, researchers published findings in the *Journal of Management* that basically state (and we're paraphrasing here, obviously): Not only do frequent fornicators stay happy all day, they even do better at their jobs as a result.

Mental health is essential to being a productive employee and it appears getting your freak on is a major part of that. Most people prefer to wait until after-hours, but in Overtornea, Sweden, officials are considering giving their municipal employees the freedom to take an hour from their workday to go home and plow their old lady.

The moral of the story? Every once in a while, you need to give yourself a fucking break.

# I GOT 99 PROBLEMS

EVER notice how whenever you have a girlfriend, suddenly other girls seem to pay more attention to you? Maybe you think it's all in your head. Or maybe you think the only reason you notice them noticing you is because you feel trapped in the relationship. Well, maybe…but it's also likely the girls are actually noticing you.

New research shows that women find you more attractive if they see you with a hot girl.

As recently reported in the journal *Evolutionary Psychology,* female college students rated photos of average-looking men. Some of the guys were photographed solo, while others were featured with their arm around a hot chick described as their girlfriend. The guys with girlfriends consistently rated higher than any of the single guys.

Incidentally, the guys perceived to be in relationships were assumed to be more intelligent, trustworthy, humorous, wealthy, and attentive. Researchers deduced that the women assumed these guys must have those qualities to land such an attractive girl.

# LGBT(BB)Q

POP singer Katy Perry made an emotional speech while accepting the National Equality Award at this year's Human Rights Campaign Gala in L.A., opening up about her Christian upbringing while accepting the award for LGBTQ rights advocacy. Perry said, "When I was growing up, homosexuality was synonymous with the word 'abomination' and 'Hell,' a place of gnashing of teeth, continuous burning of skin, and probably Mike Pence's ultimate guest list for a barbeque. So most of my unconscious adolescence, I prayed the gay away at my Jesus camps."

The daughter of Protestant pastors, Perry even released a collection of Christian gospel songs as Katy Hudson before her breakout pop success in 2001. However, Perry's speech continued with how singing transformed her life. "But then in the middle of it all, in a twist of events, I found my gift. And my gift introduced me to people outside my bubble, and my bubble started to burst."

Noting her 2008 single, "I Kissed a Girl," she said, "I speak my truths and I paint my fantasies into these little bite-sized pop songs. For instance: I kissed a girl and I liked it." The song was criticized as being demeaning to gay people after its release, particularly in the light of her first single, "Ur So Gay."

But Perry implied that it was based on lived experience. *(Yes!)* She said, "Truth be told, I did more than that. But how was I going to reconcile that with the gospel-singing girl raised in youth groups that were pro-conversion camps? What I did know was that I was curious and even then I knew sexuality wasn't as black and white as this dress." (Best. Porn. Plot. Ever.)

Perry also spoke about embracing her identity as a feminist: "One time I said I'm not a feminist because I don't grow hair underneath my arms and stuff like that, because I really didn't understand what that meant. This whole time, I'm a feminist."

Not totally clear on what she's saying, but if she's happy we're happy.

# JINGLE BALLS

HAVE you ever felt your phone ring, chime, or vibrate in your pocket, but when you check, you don't see any evidence on your screen…or (worse) realize the phone's not even in your pocket? Spooky.

If you have, you're not alone. Over 80 percent of college students surveyed in a recent *Computers in Human Behavior* article have had phantom communication experiences. But if this happens more than once a day, it could be a sign you've developed a psychological dependency on your phone.

We all know people who fill their downtime dicking around on their phones, and still others who unapologetically whip them out in the middle of a conversation. Most check their phones within ten seconds of getting in line for something or arriving somewhere.

Medical professionals debate whether this behavior constitutes addiction. While absent from the latest *DSM-5* (the American Psychiatric Association's definitive guide for classifying and diagnosing mental disorders), perhaps phantom buzzes and rings signal that more serious consideration should be given to this as symptomatic of addiction—a pathological condition in which people compulsively seek rewarding stimuli, despite the negative consequences.

We all know that phones can be problematic, but what characterizes addiction is when we become hypersensitive to cues related to the rewards, and begin to seek them everywhere. (Uh-oh.) Maybe it's time to look into some type of 12-step program on Snapchat.

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / EXPENSIVE

# MOOSE ABUSE

A recent video surfaced of a couple of Canadian brojobs who learned the hard way you're not supposed to ride a swimming moose. The video was taken in the summer of 2014 at Tuchodi Lakes in British Columbia. For a year, these hosers thought they got away with it, but in 2015 the footage was posted on YouTube by an account called Wolftracker TV and it went viral—garnering over two million views.

After being shared wildly, the video was flagged by B.C. conservation officials and after a yearlong investigation, the man-babies were charged. David Vince, who's with the B.C. Conservation Service, said, "You can see that the moose is struggling with that fellow on her back. You can see the fright in her eyes." When talking to the CBC, he said it was "the ultimate form of harassment."

Initially, the group faced charges of hunting big game that was swimming, harassing wildlife using a boat, and attempting to capture wildlife. They were finally convicted of harassing wildlife, and the moose-riders pled guilty. Officials charged them $8,000 for the stunt, with $4,000 going to fines and another $4,000 going to Habitat Conservation Trust Foundation. A victory for swimming moose… mooses…meese...moosi…everywhere.

# HIGH AND ALMIGHTY

BLOOD tests revealed that the gunman who attacked soldiers at Orly airport in Paris in March consumed drugs and alcohol before embarking on his ill-conceived mission.

Ziyed Ben Belgacem, 39, was killed after he put a gun to a female soldier's head, saying he wanted to "die for Allah." However, drugs and alcohol are strictly forbidden in the practice of Islam, so, not exactly the best way to honor your maker.

In an interview with French radio Europe 1, a man identified as Belgacem's father threw some serious shade on the situation: "My son was not a terrorist. He never prayed, and he drank. But under the effects of alcohol and cannabis, this is where one ends up."

The Paris prosecutors' office said toxicology tests revealed traces of cocaine and cannabis, and that Belgacem had a blood alcohol level of 0.093 percent, which is close to twice the legal limit for driving in France.

When Belgacem arrived at the airport, he attacked a military patrol in the south terminal. After putting a gun to the servicewoman's head and pronouncing he was ready to die, he said others were "going to die" as well and tried to grab her rifle. Unsurprisingly, he was immediately shot dead by two other soldiers.

# MOCHA HELPS A-LATTE

THANKS to science, you no longer have to waste your ADD scripts by crushing and snorting them to pull an all-nighter. A new study conducted by researchers at Clarkson University in New York say a mocha latte, with its combination of chocolate and coffee, "increases cerebral blood flow, which increases cognition and attention."

The scientists spent close to a year studying the effects of brewed cocoa consumption on participants' attention spans, cognitive abilities, and anxiety levels. The subjects were asked to do a bunch of shit and then report their mood before and after drinking cocoa, cocoa with caffeine, caffeine without cocoa, or a placebo with neither caffeine nor cocoa.

Results showed that participants who drank cocoa showed fewer problems associated with attention deficit. Once caffeine was added, their brains jacked up but the anxiousness produced by drinking coffee alone was inhibited.

Ali Boolani, coauthor of the study and assistant professor of physical therapy at Clarkson, said: "Caffeine alone can increase anxiety. This particular project found that cocoa lessens caffeine's anxiety-producing effects—a good reason to drink mocha lattes!"

Of course it's worth being skeptical of the supposed health benefits of combining hot chocolate with a shot of espresso. Surprise, surprise—the study was sponsored by the Hershey Company.

Thanks, Hershey, but we'll stick to our tried-and-true Adderall gin fizz.

PHOTOS: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / EDUARD KYSLYNSKYY / GANNA MARTYSHEVA

# NAIL'ER SWIFT

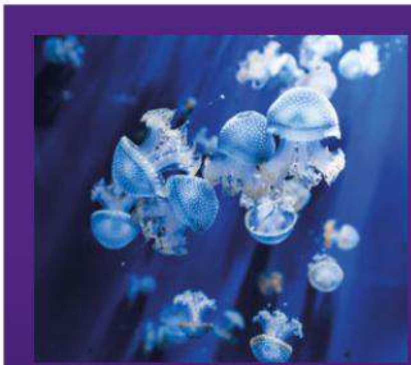
NO novice when it comes to antics, Father John Misty recently debuted his song "Total Entertainment Forever" from his new album *Pure Comedy* on *Saturday Night Live,* and viewers were riveted by the song's provocative opening lyrics: "Bedding Taylor Swift every night inside the Oculus Rift/ After mister and the missus finish dinner and the dishes."

Like virtually every acid-fueled vision that departs Misty's beautiful mind, the song is outlandish, peppered with surreal references, and ultimately unnerving. After his *SNL* performance, Misty talked about the song with Canada's *Exclaim!* music mag.

"Human civilizations have been entertaining themselves in disgusting ways all through human history," he said. "Whether it's lighting Christians on fire or whatever. We have to consider that maybe there are ways in which we entertain ourselves now that are equally as disturbing. I think that that's important—to not assume that everything about the way we live is the direct product of progress.

"And if you don't think that this virtual reality thing isn't going to turn into sex with celebrities, then you're kidding yourself. That face-recognition stuff? I mean, there are people working on it right now. It's absurd.... Oh God, it's just, how many different ways do human beings need to masturbate?"

Whatever you say, Father John, but we're on a lifelong quest to discover as many different ways to masturbate as humanly possible, and Taylor Swift is just the tip. Just the tip.



# MIND YOUR Q'S AND PEE

STINGING your girlfriend with a jellyfish is a pretty epic way to get her up for a golden shower—but you're both idiots if you think the ammonia in your piss will counteract the sting.

Wanna know what else doesn't work? Pretty much everything the internet has to offer on the subject. Two researchers from the University of Hawaii at Manoa recently reviewed all the homespun theories and found that vinegar is the one and only true remedy.

The trick is to douse your skin and the jelly's tentacles with the most concentrated vinegar you can get your hands on. Vinegar deactivates the thousands of tiny venom-pumping stingers so they can no longer fire, which means that when you remove the tentacles, you won't end up accidentally injecting yourself with a higher dose of the toxin. No matter what, don't scrape away the tentacles, because those little barbs, called nematocysts, will release even more venom. Once treated, you'll still have to remove the stingers with tweezers.

After you've gotten rid of the stingers, apply heat to the injury. Heat reduces the venom's activity so you'll end up with less damage in the long run. Ice packs actually doubled the size of the damaged area for one of the types of jellyfish studied.

And if you still want to pee on your special lady, just do it when you're showering together, like a gentleman.

PHOTOS: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / CHRISTIAN BERTRAND / GORAN BOGICEVIC

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MUSIC

# LOUISE BURNS, THE ELECTRIC ANGEL

**By Mish Barber-Way**

I'M a musician, but I'm also an addict in all forms of the word, so I get unhealthily obsessed when I come across an artist I love. Every time pop-star veteran turned indie darling Louise Burns puts out a new album, I'm all in. Her latest release, *Young Mopes* (Light Organ Records), is the finest China White. Burns is, and always will be, my heroin.

Burns started her career at the ripe age of 11, back in her hometown of Buttfuck Nowhere, aka Cranbrook, British Columbia. She taught herself bass guitar and started an after-school band called Tigerlily with her best friends. After a few short years and a name change to Lillix, the band had signed to Madonna's label, Maverick Records, relocated to L.A., and started climbing the Top 40 Charts with their hit single, "It's About Time." Back then, Britney Spears and Mandy Moore were still ruling the airwaves. Sugar-sweet virgins were "in."

But after years of Warped Tour, extreme dieting, cowriting with Hollywood hit-makers, and ultimately a harsh implosion when Maverick folded, Burns knew she had to get out. "I wanted to make music for myself," the 31-year-old songstress remembers. "I didn't want to recycle the same old hits, written for preteens and children, that we had been playing for five years. I just knew that I didn't want to do [Lillix] anymore. Then, I discovered the Cure."

With her newfound love of Robert Smith to guide her, Burns dropped the band, moved to Vancouver, and hibernated with her guitar and piano, contemplating reinvention. She devoured albums by Fleetwood Mac, Jeff Buckley, Depeche Mode, and Lydia Lunch. Eventually, she reemerged, no longer squeaky clean, and put her musical prowess to the test with her debut solo record, *Mellow Drama.* She followed that with the moody, synth-rich album, *The Midnight Mass.* However, her most recent, *Young Mopes,* is the best to date: angelic, catchy, and straddling the line between country twang and electric pop perfection.

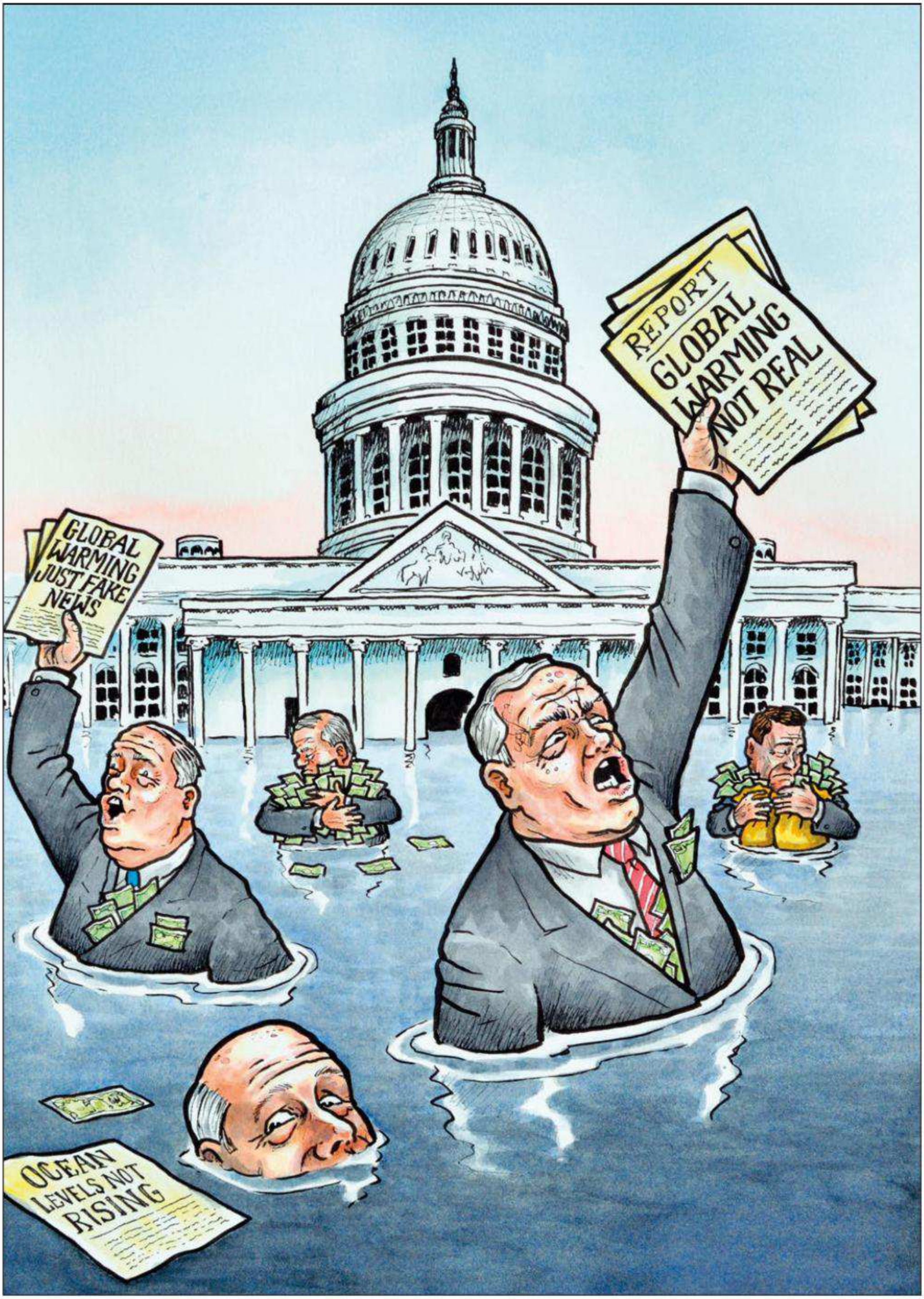
Imagine Stevie Nicks, Kate Bush, and Robert Smith had a threesome that resulted in an earth angel. That's Burns. Onstage, she has this sexual, celestial professionalism, while her voice coats the room like thick, warm honey. Burns moves weightlessly as her fingers fly around the bass like it's second nature. It's intoxicating.

Throughout her solo career, Burns has proved that not only does she have one of the most memorable, dexterous, and beautiful voices in modern music, but more so that she is a razor-sharp composer and producer whose rebellious career one-eighty was the right move. Burns is an inventive pop writer whose musician savvy and expertise has led her to cultivate an inimitable sound. In a sea of carbon-copy singer-songwriter chicks dying for their 15 minutes, Burns is a natural, effortless performer whose musical chops stand out above the pack. Besides, she's had her 15.

"Every step I take is pretty strategic in the sense that now I won't do anything that doesn't feel right," she says matter-of-factly. "I just want to write a perfect pop song. It's the carrot dangling in front of my face. It's the only reason I am alive."

In my head, she's already written too many perfect pop songs to count, and each one satisfies this addict better than the last.

PHOTO: JENNILEE MARIGOMEN


REPORT
GLOBAL WARMING NOT REAL
GLOBAL WARMING JUST FAKE NEWS
OCEAN LEVELS NOT RISING

MAN OF THE MOMENT

# NEIL DEGRASSE TYSON

WEIRD as it sounds, one of the world's smartest people–mustachioed astrophysicist Neil deGrasse Tyson–added to his legend a few years back not by discovering a new wormhole or red dwarf, but by getting photographed on the New York subway by a guy tweeting as @dogboner.

Yup, online comedian Michael Hale spotted the best-selling author, Hayden Planetarium director, and science evangelizer riding downtown at rush hour, sitting on a bench, tapping away at his laptop. Hale snapped a pic, gave it a caption, and tweeted out to thousands: *Some guy using his laptop on the train like a Dumbass nerd lol.*

A chain reaction followed. Someone took the tweet seriously, passed it on, and before Hale could say supernova, he was getting crushed on Twitter, burned on Facebook, even mocked by George Takei. If there was ever any doubt that Tyson, the gregarious Bronx-born scientist who fell in love with astronomy at the Hayden as a teen, connected with people via TV and radio, Reddit-ing, writing, and more, this explosion by pissed off supporters laid that to rest.

His fans took it seriously, and personally–the misinterpreted jock-bro cluelessness toward a man who encourages audiences to think of him as their "personal astrophysicist." The passion Team Tyson feels for this witty, baritone-voiced brainiac, a public-school-educated son of an African-American father and Puerto Rican mother who went on to study at Harvard and Columbia, has reached a point where you can find numerous Tyson-quoting T-shirts online: "The good thing about science is it's true whether or not you believe it," reads one; another simply shows a cartoon rendering of Tyson's iconic head, the giveaway detail his signature mustache that he's never once shaved off as an adult.

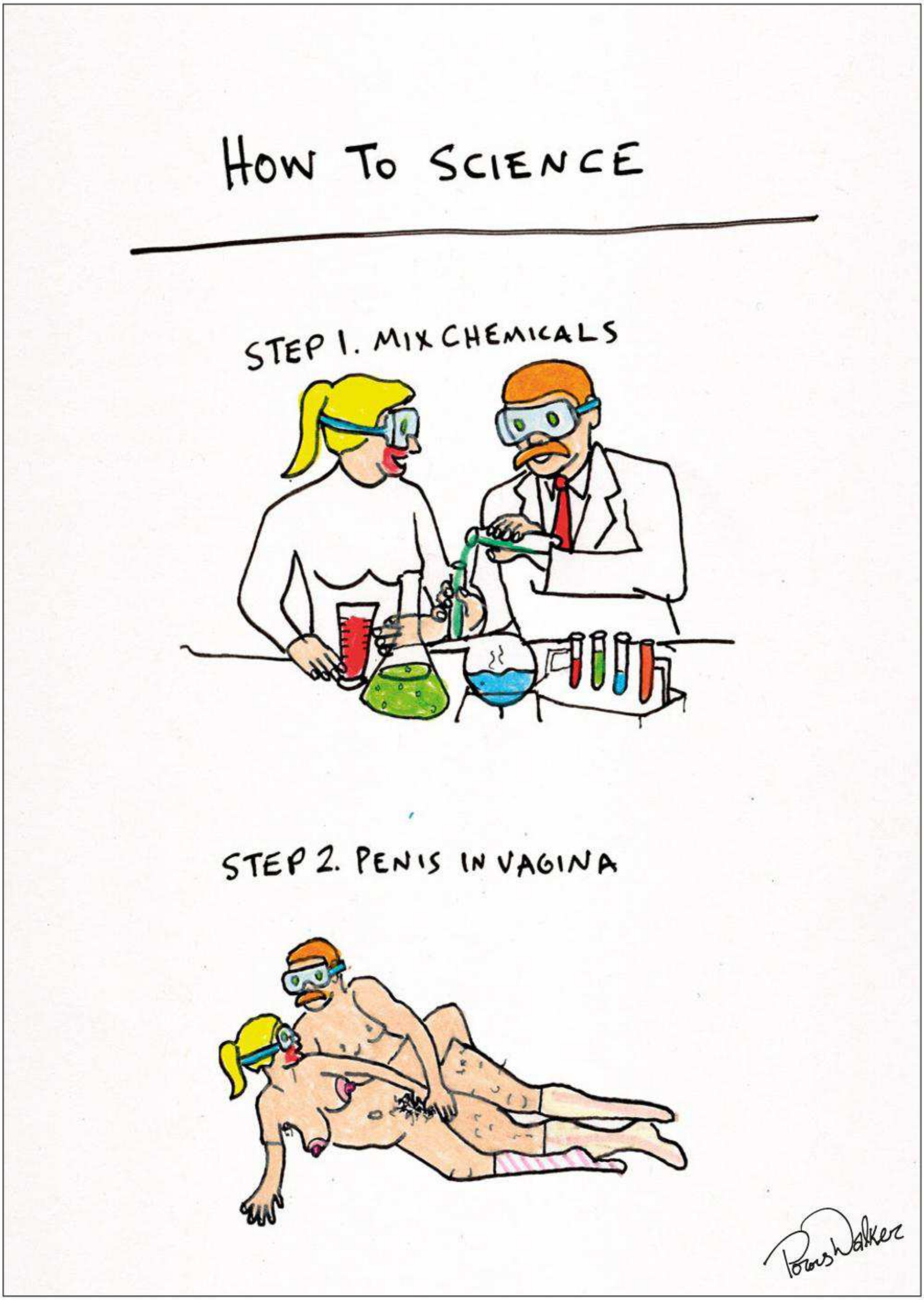
Thanks to @dogboner, the subway photo probably earned Tyson even more fans. It was snapped in summer 2014, when his popularity had never been higher following the prime-time success of *Cosmos: A Spacetime Odyssey,* a Tyson-hosted revival of the 1980 Carl Sagan series. And yet there he was, winner of NASA's highest civilian honor, the Distinguished Service Medal, sitting on a crowded train in street clothes, working away like a regular dude.

NASA saluted Tyson's work on behalf of scientific literacy, his gift for building bridges between science and the public–a gift that seems more important than ever. "There's a level of gullibility that leaves people susceptible to being taken advantage of," he said in 2012, speaking of the dangers of low citizen information. Expect to hear more from Tyson on this subject as he continues to communicate the complexities, achievements, and wonders of science to us laypeople.

His newest book, released May 2, is called *Astrophysics for People in a Hurry,* which *Kirkus* calls "Masterly.... A sublime introduction." In March, Tyson debuted a special edition of *StarTalk,* his long-running science talk show. "Let's Make America Smart Again," he called it.

Not sure what inspired the title, but it's got a ring to it. ⊶

PHOTO: GETTY IMAGES / WILLIAM CALLAN


HOW TO SCIENCE
STEP 1. MIX CHEMICALS
STEP 2. PENIS IN VAGINA
Porous Walker

### CRUSH

# KARI BYRON

AT a time when our country needs champions of science more than ever, it can't hurt to have one such champ come in the form of a whip-smart, wisecracking strawberry blonde.

Kari Byron helps host *White Rabbit Project,* a new science series available for Netflix binge-watching. But this 42-year-old Bay Area native isn't your typical science nerd. In fact, she started with a degree in film and sculpture, which, as it turns out, wasn't a bad background for the subjects she explores in *WRP*. "I just found that science and art are very similar," she told The Verge last December, after the series' premiere. "It's all curiosity, it's all experimentation, it's all trying to answer questions."

Okay, so she's kind of a nerd. Witness her zany enthusiasm for things like mind control, G-force levels, and hijacking drones—all subjects of experiments she conducts on *WRP*. But we love her passion for this stuff. Plus, her sparky one-liners, mile-wide smile, and fishnets-and-camo fashion sense make the show a lot of fun to watch.

Fishnets and physics? Fuck yeah!

Byron got her start on the Discovery Channel series *MythBusters,* which ran for a whopping 15 seasons. Paired with cohosts Tory Belleci and Grant Imahara, she was a member of the M7 Build Team for nearly a decade, testing out the validity of urban myths, famous movie scenes, and farfetched news stories. It was one of the channel's most-watched series.

When the Build Team was cut from the show in August 2014, fans were pissed—not least female viewers, who identified with Byron, *MythBusters*' only female host. More than 60,000 people signed an online petition asking for the team to be rehired. Netflix saw an opportunity, and quickly approached M7 about starting their own series. Hello, *White Rabbit Project*.

Byron named the show herself. Inspiration struck, she says, while lying in her backyard, drinking wine, and looking at the stars. A certain Jefferson Airplane song started playing. Its Lewis Carroll-inspired title is fitting, too: In each episode, Byron, Belleci, and Imahara dive down a proverbial rabbit hole, investigating weird events in pop culture, science, and history.

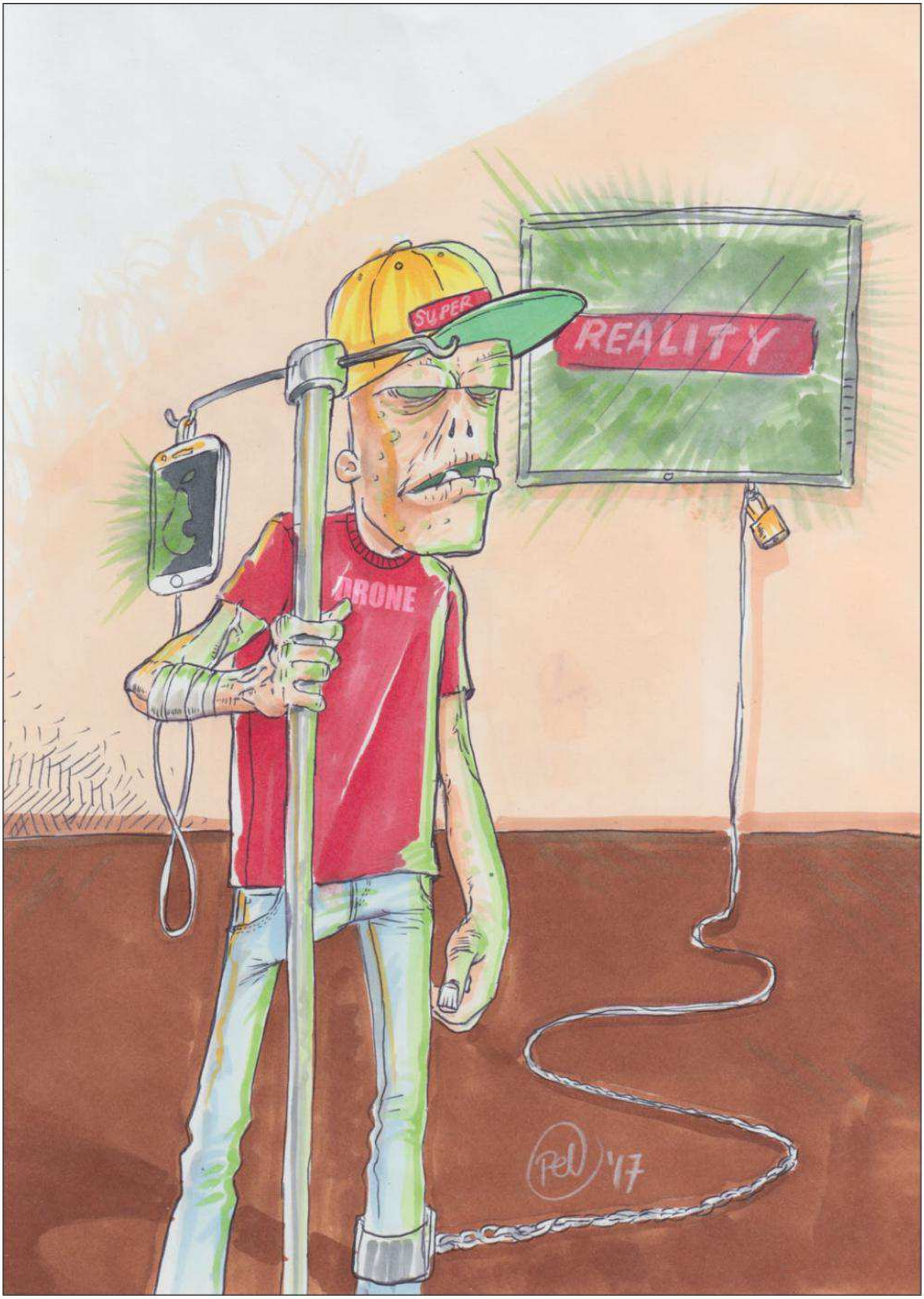
"Grant gravitates toward electronics," Byron explains. "Me, being from Silicon Valley, I love weird tech. And Tory is always about the Big Bang, or the special effect of it."

Each host takes on an experiment within their given theme—so far they've tackled famous jailbreaks, bizarre WWII weaponry, and hate-worthy tech, to name a few—then meet up to discuss and rank their findings. In one episode they even powwow over drinks—many drinks. There's a cause-and-effect moment when Byron falls off her chair during the boozy discussion. And it's totally adorable.

In addition to *WRP,* Byron has hosted episodes of *Fear Factor, Punkin Chunkin,* and *Head Rush*. She loves STEM (Science, Technology, Engineering, and Mathematics) programming on television, and—surprise—is a total sci-fi geek. "I'm a huge fan of science fiction," she said. "I love the idea that it drives the inspiration for science. I mean, without *Neuromancer* and the cyberpunk generation of people, would we even have the internet? Or cellphones?"

*Neuromancer*? Are you listening, William Gibson?

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / CARLAVANWAGONER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FILM

# BACK TO THE FUTURE

BY definition, science fiction is forward-thinking, but it's not always fiction. Whereas some sci-fi films missed the mark entirely (we're talking to you, *Escape From New York),* others have been scarily prescient. And while we know that shoo-ins like *2001: A Space Odyssey* (computers outsmarting man), *Blade Runner* (rampant, disposable consumerism), and *Minority Report* (touchscreen everything) are at the top of everyone's list, indulge us as we geek out on some films you might not have seen, but will hopefully soon want to….

**> *Metropolis* (1927)**
Treat yourself to a film history lesson and check out Fritz Lang's wicked cool silent masterpiece, set in the year 2026 in the utopian city of Metropolis, where wealthy industrialists reign from glorious high-rises while the poor workers toil underground. When a sexy robot named Maria is introduced in order to control the workers, a revolution starts to brew. The film's vision of capitalism run amok, where the rich get richer while everyone else works harder for less, is a pretty accurate portrait of where we are now.

**> *Warning From Space* (1956)**
Before our own planet started self-destructing, postwar cinema spent big bucks on stories about alien invasion. In this film, UFOs fly over Tokyo, and starfish-shaped extraterrestrials appear, scaring the bejesus out of everyone. Never mind that these are intelligent and benevolent beings—everyone's too caught up in media-fueled hysteria to notice. The "other" as a threat is a theme that's driving many elections these days. Also, "Planet R"—a rogue planet hurtling toward Earth which the aliens try to warn us about—causes rising oceans and warming temperatures. Sound familiar?

**> *Dr. Strangelove or: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb* (1964)**
When our top nuclear scientist warns there's an "even chance" for nuclear catastrophe in the next decade, we better learn to love the bomb, too. Stanley Kubrick's black satire was controversial when it was released, criticized for being "implausible." Today, not so much. The film depicts a deranged general ordering a nuclear attack on the Soviet Union without approval from the president, Merkin Muffley (Peter Sellers). Today, IRL, the deranged general is now president, and it's doubtful anyone's in control of anything. In the words of the film's closing song: "We'll meet again, don't know where, don't know when…."

**> *Seconds* (1966)**
A miserable Manhattan bank clerk is recruited by "the Company," which offers to stage his death and give him a new identity through plastic surgery. The man is "reborn" in the body of Rock Hudson and resettled into a posh midcentury home in Malibu. The poor thing soon decides his new life is unsatisfying, however, and tries to go back. (Big mistake.) Man's obsession with youth is nothing new, and "starting over" is the American dream. Well, here we are, still reinventing ourselves and plastic surgery is de rigueur, and yet we're still not happy. Yeah, we suck.

**> *The Road Warrior* (1981)**
Remember when Mel Gibson was cool—before his *Lethal Weapon* mullet and racist meltdowns? This sequel to Australia's *Mad Max* (1979) features a leather-clad M.G. defending an oasis of good guys and oil reserves, in a postapocalyptic world lacking in both. Government officials might want to watch this film to see what kind of world we'll be left with if we don't start conserving the resources we have, and pursue alternative energy for realzies.

**> *The Terminator* (1984)**
There's a reason for James Cameron and the Governator, and it's this film. And for the one person on the planet who hasn't seen it: Schwarzenegger is a cyborg sent back from 2029 to 1984 L.A. to kill Sarah Connor (Linda Hamilton), future mother to the savior of mankind. Drone warfare and AI that's learned how to outsmart man (aka the singularity) are behind mankind's downfall—two issues that are of growing concern today. We know this one's obvious, but we just love Ah-nold as the bad guy, and that synthesizer score is the shit.

**> *Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind* (2004)**
Sad and cynical but ultimately uplifting (yay!), this mind-bending gem is about a couple whose breakup drives Clementine (Kate Winslet) to undergo a procedure to wipe out memories of Joel (Jim Carrey), who in turn does the same to her. The film takes place in present-day Long Island (though Charlie Kaufman's original script began 50 years in the future), but treatments to induce amnesia were pure science fiction—until 2014, when MIT neuroscientists announced they'd developed a drug that can erase traumatic memories in mice.

**> *Idiocracy* (2006)**
Mike Judge's sci-fi comedy about an America populated (and run by) morons is pretty goddamn terrifying. Luke Wilson plays an Army dolt who's accidentally sent 500 years into the future, to a land where language has morphed into "hillbilly, Valley Girl, inner-city slang, and various grunts," former pro wrestler and ex-porn star Dwayne Elizondo Mountain Dew Herbert Camacho is president, and the No. 1 movie is titled *Ass.* When asked about his film's prescience during the 2016 election, even Judge admitted, "I was off by 490 years."

PHOTO: GETTY IMAGES / BEN STANSALL / STAFF

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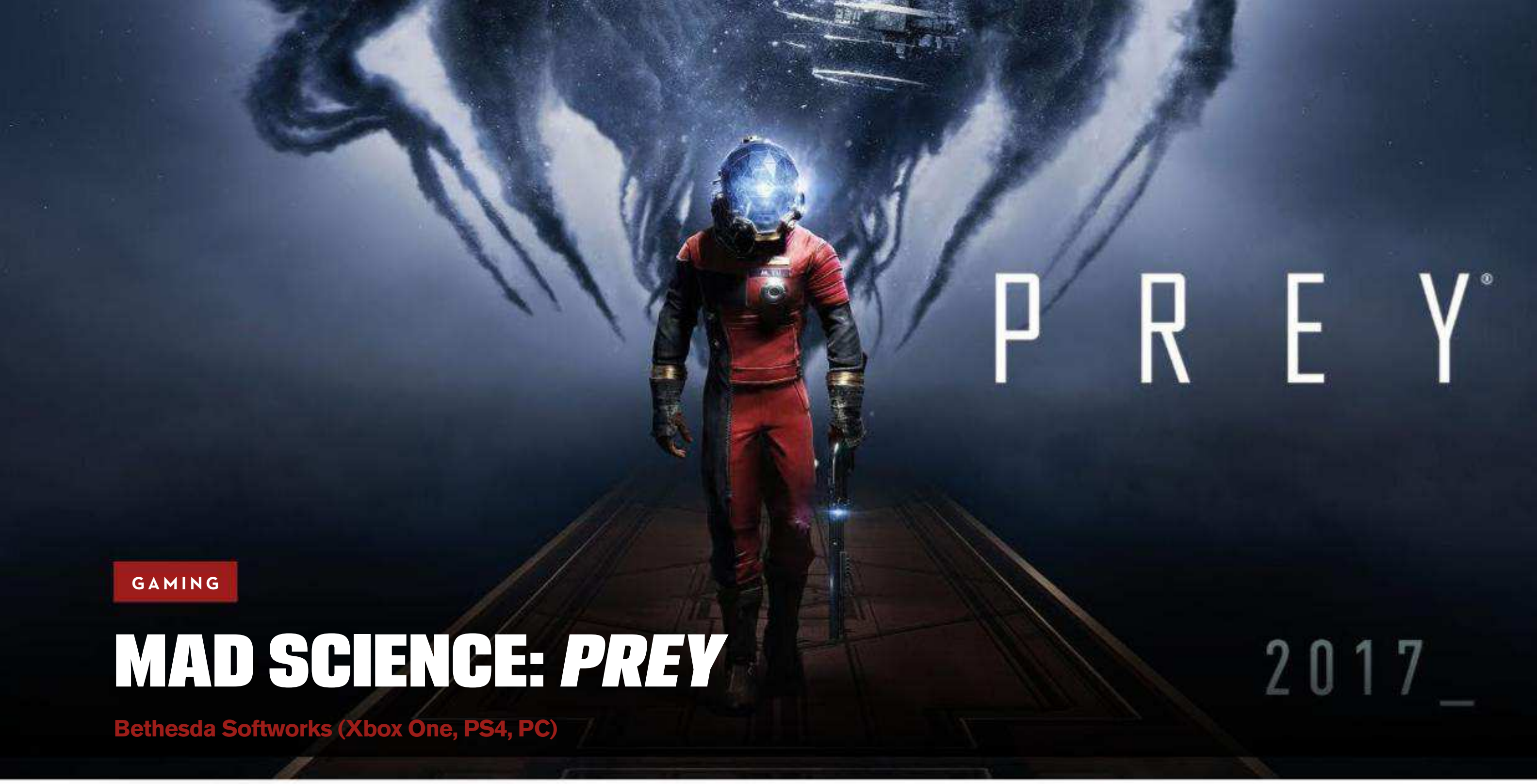

GAMING

# MAD SCIENCE: *PREY*

Bethesda Softworks (Xbox One, PS4, PC)

The year's greatest sci-fi shooter (well, so far) opens with the ultimate tech-bro fantasy: *Prey* protagonist Morgan Yu wakes in a San Francisco condo that's 700-plus square feet, with a stunning Bay view and rooftop helicopter for the work commute. And yet Wu isn't some angel investor or hot-shit tech executive. He (or she, if you choose the female character) works as a sort of human guinea pig in a fancy Silicon Valley lab, prodded by a team of scientists trying to expand humanity's abilities. What happens next is too cool to spoil here. Let's just say Wu finds himself aboard a space station orbiting Earth's moon. He's the sole survivor, but he's not alone. The station is infested with hostile aliens that can morph into common objects and hide in plain sight. You'll shit your jumpsuit the first time a houseplant sprouts tentacles and goes for your throat. From there the game only gets weirder, and in a good way.

*Prey*'s plot is half hard sci-fi, half total mindfuck, set in a groovy art deco space station that calls to mind the deep-sea dystopia of Rapture from *BioShock*. And like *BioShock, Prey* encourages you to combine abilities and weaponry so you can slay your own way. You'll buff up by injecting genetic upgrades called neuromods (into your fucking eyeball, no less), and by combining these powers with weapons and tools you craft using blueprints, you can choose your own path through a vast environment that's completely open to exploration from the get-go. An early weapon called the GLOO cannon, for instance, lobs globs of fast-hardening foam to encase enemies or form makeshift staircases. Use these to reach sections of the station you probably shouldn't explore but won't be able to resist. Far from frustrating, *Prey*'s trial-and-error approach to combat and puzzle-solving offers that rare thing in videogames: freedom.

## MAD LABS: THE BATSHIT-CRAZIEST GAME EXPERIMENTS GONE AWRY

> 4 <

### *MEGA MAN*

(NES, 1987)

Dr. Wily, gaming's O.G. mad scientist, has a plan so crazy it might just drive you to smash your controller. He creates a super race of boss monsters and it's up to robo-lad Mega Man to suss out how to defeat each one in this maddeningly difficult side-scroller of yore.

> 3 <

### *HALF-LIFE*

(PS2, PC, 1998)

In this seminal sci-fi shooter, a "resonance cascade" ruins a perfectly good Monday morning for badass egghead Gordon Freeman, ripping a hole in reality at the Black Mesa Research Facility. Freeman pits his wits against trans-dimensional monsters and Marines sent to clean up the ensuing clusterfuck.

> 2 <

### *RESIDENT EVIL 4*

(GameCube, PS2, 2005)

The evil Umbrella Corporation sees its stock price soar after turning a backwoods village into a testing ground for a mind-controlling parasite intended for the U.S. president. Badass cop Leon Kennedy must foil the plot and rescue the president's daughter because that's what videogame heroes do.

> 1 <

### *PORTAL*

(XB 360, PS3, PC, 2007)

An AI named GlaDOS tempts you with cake to solve various spatial-reasoning puzzles using an experimental gun that makes hyperspace doorways. By the end of the experiment, you discover that GlaDOS had gone rogue and may not have been entirely honest with you about that cake.

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WEIRD HISTORY

# THE PURE PRODUCTS OF AMERICA GO CRAZY

## NIKOLA TESLA SOLD HIS SOUL TO THE DEVIL TO LIGHT THE WORLD.

BY AARON FAGAN

UNLESS you've been living under a rock, you should know who tech tycoon Elon Musk is—he's one of the guys behind Tesla, the mad cool (and mad expensive) electric cars. What you might not know is that Nikola Tesla, the mad scientist whom the cars are named after, died a virgin in love with a pigeon.

Yep, you read that right—Tesla's freak flag flew very high. But it was *his* genius that led to the basis of the car's motor design, as well as many other things we now have (like cellphones), or should have in the not-too-distant future (like free wireless electricity).

Flashback to February 1882: the 26-year-old Tesla was walking through a park reciting some lines of poetry he knew by heart, when an image popped into his mind, and he drew it in the sand. It turned out to be one of the ten greatest discoveries of all time—a motor for alternating current (AC), which is the electrical system that now powers virtually every home on the planet. Who would have thought, right? Maybe it's because the poem is (no joke) about a dude who sold his soul to the devil?

The point is, it's basically the real-life version of Dr. Emmett Brown from *Back to the Future* slipping on the toilet, cracking his head, and then drawing the flux capacitor on a napkin.

Most people think Thomas Edison was the brain behind the electric age, but Tesla deserves more credit. You see, while everyone was busy sucking Edison's dick for saying "Genius is one percent inspiration and 99 percent perspiration," all that sweat just made him smell like shit. Tesla is the one who had the balls to say Edison "lived in utter disregard of the most elementary rules of hygiene," and that his success was just dumb luck when "just a little theory and calculation would have saved him 90 percent of the labor."

Tesla could say all that because he actually worked side by side with Edison for a while, and he thought Edison would be into his ideas about AC. But Edison shot them down. His loss, because soon after, George Westinghouse invested in Tesla's ideas, and together they built the world's first hydroelectric power plant in 1885 at Niagara Falls.

**TESLA IS THE ONE WHO HAD THE BALLS TO SAY EDISON "LIVED IN UTTER DISREGARD OF THE MOST ELEMENTARY RULES OF HYGIENE," AND THAT HIS SUCCESS WAS JUST DUMB LUCK.**

Up until then, Edison had been making fuck-you money off of his direct-current (DC) power stations, but AC didn't require as many stations as DC, making production and distribution of electricity cheap and easy.

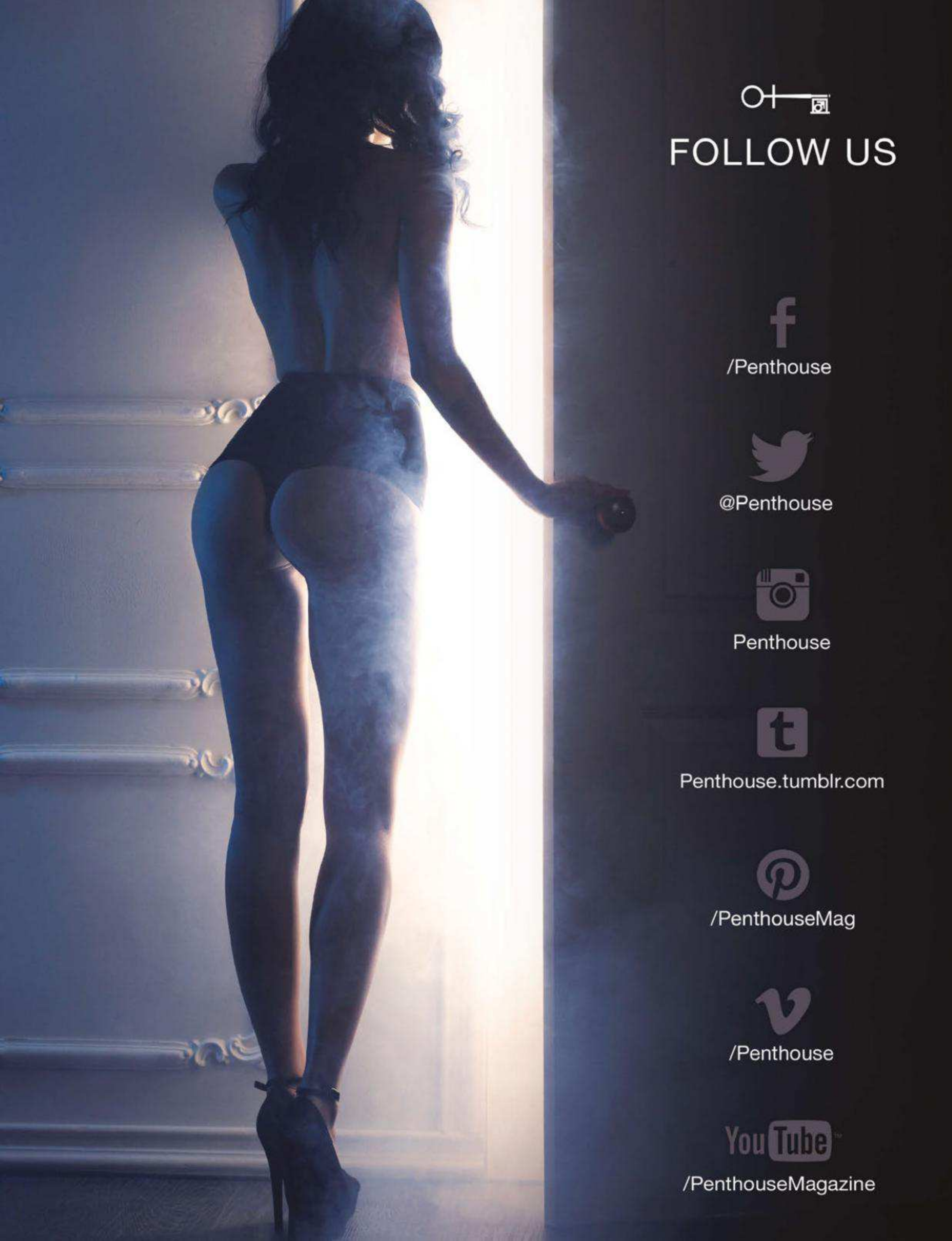
That's when a feud over AC/DC, dubbed "The War of Currents," erupted. Edison was afraid these guys were going to topple his monopoly. Residents around his New Jersey lab began noticing their pets were missing, because he was giving kids 25 cents a head for cats and dogs he would then electrocute in public demonstrations trying to make AC look dangerous, which obviously didn't work. AC quickly became the global standard.

Unlike Edison, Tesla was motivated by ideas, not by money. But it's hard to imagine this prescient genius had many friends to grab a beer with after work and discuss free wireless electricity and communications for the masses. People must have thought he was a nutjob when he said shit like, "It is a mere question of time when men will succeed in attaching their machinery to the very wheel work of nature."

But no matter. By 1893, Tesla was putting his ideas to the test, including building a tower on Long Island that was meant to be an intercontinental wireless communication and power transmitter. Of course, everyone laughed at him, and he went broke. But I'm pretty sure the guys from MIT who started WiTricity in 2007 would give their left nuts to go back and talk to him, because that's basically what they're working on now.

After the tower project tanked, Tesla's bulb kind of burned out. One day the white pigeon he loved got sick. He tried to nurse her back to health, but she died in his arms. He saw a radiant luminous light projecting from her eyes, and he later insisted his entire life's work was complete in that moment. He died penniless in New York City on January 7, 1943.

As the poet William Carlos Williams once wrote, "The pure products of America go crazy." Sounds like a pretty fitting epitaph for Nikola Tesla.



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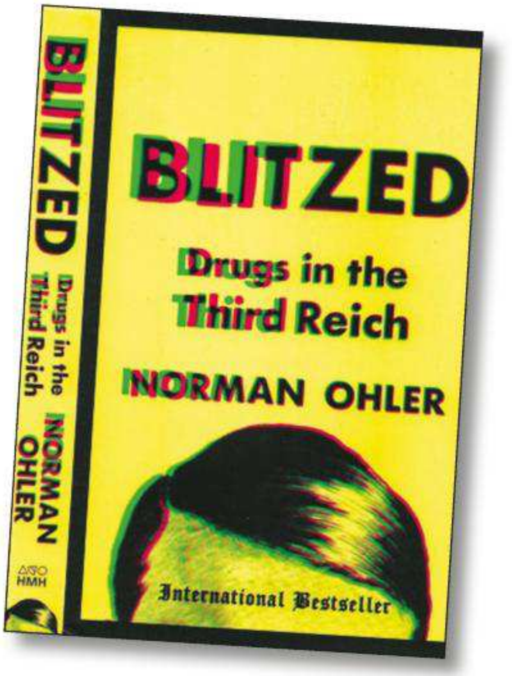


# ROUGH TEXT

**By Dave Carnie**

***Blitzed: Drugs in the Third Reich***
**By Norman Ohler**
**Houghton Mifflin Harcourt**

THIS is a book about Nazis on meth. While I've never had any affiliation with the Nazi party, I have partied with meth. A lot. Although we didn't call it meth back then—it was speed, or crank. Probably the most telling anecdote about my affair with meth was the first time I did cocaine.

I didn't give a fuck about cocaine because it wasn't available in the circles I ran in, but I was going on a trip with a bunch of snowboarders and they were all very excited about the eight-ball they had procured for the drive to the mountain. I was excited also because I really, really, really liked meth and so I was eager to sample its more expensive and popular cousin, cocaine.

"You're going to love it," the snowboarders promised.

In the van, someone passed me a CD case with neatly arranged rows of white powder. I jammed a dollar bill up my nose and snorted a big line of coke and inhaled deeply.

On the one hand, I enjoyed the fresh, almost wintergreen smell of the delicate powder. But that was also what I didn't enjoy about it: The cocaine went down smooth and didn't burn like speed. I was missing the shock of methamphetamine exploding in my system. When I snort that shit, a fucking mushroom cloud erupts in my skull and lightning bolts shoot out of my ears. But after I snorted my first line of coke, nothing happened. No mushroom cloud, no lightning bolts.

*This is cocaine?* I thought to myself. *This is what everyone is so gaga over? This is what Scarface is about? Da fuck?*

"That's very nice," I said to my friends, "but may I have another?"

I later realized that giving cocaine to someone who's been doing meth is like handing a beer to someone who only drinks whiskey. "Here, try this, it's called, BEER! You're gonna love it!" Okay. Sure…. Hey, wait a minute….

Oh, shit. Here I am, going on about meth instead of talking about a book. How methy of me.

So, *Blitzed*. The story goes like this...

Before WWII begins, this drug Pervitin, containing methamphetamine, comes out in Germany. The "entire" nation is on the shit. Then the war starts and the Nazis recognize the military benefits of Pervitin (aka "marching powder") and they distribute it to "every" soldier. In a meth-fueled frenzy, they stomp all over Europe and conquer everyone. Meanwhile the Führer is very gassy. *Pffft!* So his personal physician, Dr. Theodor Morell, or "the fat doctor," as Ohler calls him, begins to inject "Patient A" with a bizarre concoction of drugs that may or may not include bull testicles, meth, cocaine, and Eukodal.

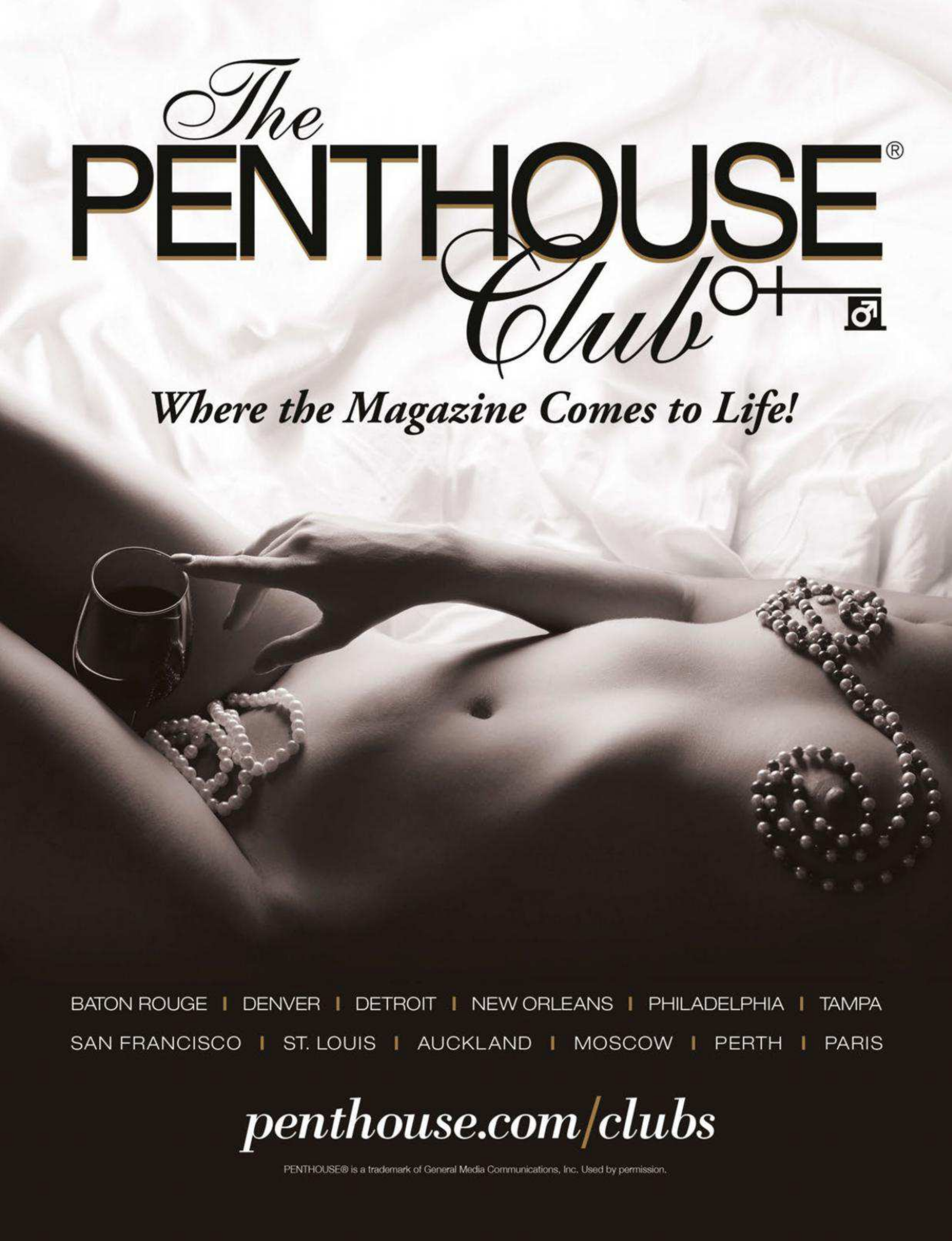
"Eukodol [sic]," said William S. Burroughs, "is like a combination of junk and C [cocaine]. Trust the Germans to concoct some truly awful shit."

And while Hitler is front and center anywhere he's mentioned, the real character in this book is Morell. The fat doctor is a very peculiar fella. He really juices up Patient A. It almost seems like he was experimenting on the Führer, much like Josef Mengele experimented on the Jews. To this day, no one really knows what the dude was shooting into that man's arm. While reading this book, I almost started to feel sorry for lil' Adolf—I said ALMOST—because he became a slave to Morell's injections. As Hitler's health disintegrated under Morell's care, I began to wonder (as many Nazis suspected), Might he not be a foreign spy who was secretly poisoning the Führer?

As I said, I *almost* felt sorry for Hitler. And this is one of the main criticisms reviewers have with this book: Ohler employs "massive exaggeration based on spurious interpretations of the evidence" to paint a picture of an "entire" nation, including its intoxicated and delusional leader, under the influence of drugs and thus incapable of rational decisions. If you follow that line of thinking all the way to its natural conclusion you can end up giving the Nazis an excuse for their evil by saying they were on drugs.

If I'm reading Ohler correctly, however, he doesn't believe this ("Drug use," he writes, "did not impinge on [Hitler's] freedom to make decisions"), but rather is using hyperbole to bring attention to his theory that drugs played a more significant role in WWII than previously thought. At least I hope that's what he's doing. Because while it may be true that Nazi drug use was more prominent than previously believed, the style with which Ohler presents his research allows anyone with an "alternative" agenda to diminish the magnitude of the crimes committed. It wasn't the best execution for this subject.

That said, one of the most fascinating takeaways from this book, for me, is that the pharmaceutical companies responsible for manufacturing the Nazi drugs are, for the most part, still in business. Merck, Bayer, Boehringer, and Temmler (which synthesized methamphetamine and manufactured Pervitin) are all still successful companies. What books might we read in the future about the fantastic drugs we're ingesting today?



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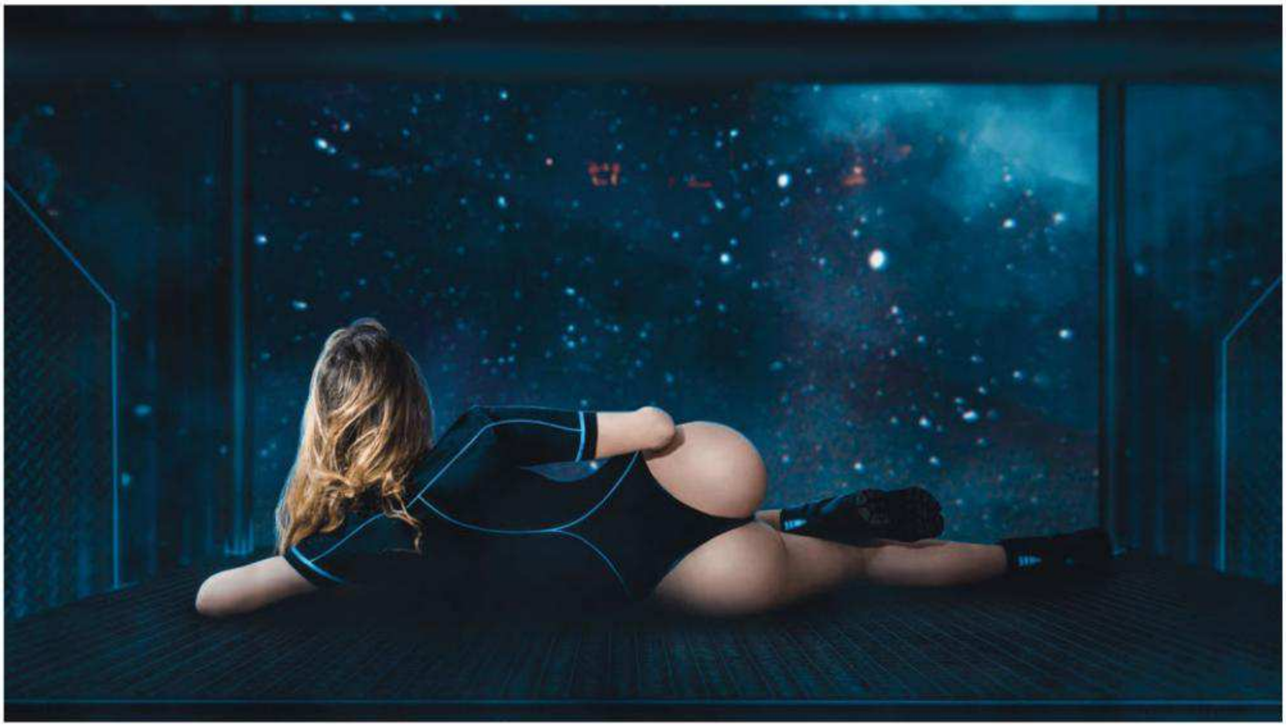

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# ARE YOU LONESOME TONIGHT?

## BY CHRIS NIERATKO

**1 / Male Edge Extra $175**

I'm no rocket scientist, but I firmly believe if you pull on something long enough it's bound to stretch out. Even a car door. In simplest terms, that's how the Male Edge penis enlarger works.

The tool (heh!) uses "penis traction," the company says, which causes "tissue cells to divide and multiply—a process called cytokinesis. Over time [this] results in new tissue growth throughout the penis, making you longer and thicker in a matter of weeks or months."

So if you're sick of being a semi-grower (not a show-er), then the Male Edge could potentially be the answer. All you need to do is wear this somewhat intimidating-looking piece of plastic on your wangdoodle, morning, noon, and night, under your clothes and while you sleep for a mere 28 WEEKS for a 28 percent permanent increase! That's right! It'll only take half a year to make your pecker a wee bit larger.

Don't have that kind of time? Well, in only eight weeks you could see a nine percent increase!

We here at *Penthouse* didn't have weeks or months, so we wore the Male Edge for a day and used the same technique we've been using to make our penis bigger since we started the magazine back in 1965: We put our face as close to our dick as possible and squinted. And it worked! After one day of using the Male Edge our penis appeared enormous!

Perhaps one of the coolest things about the Male Edge is that you look and feel like you have a superhero robo-cock when wearing the hardware. We spent the entire afternoon pretending our pecker shot lasers whenever we had to take a piss. We'd make blaster noises at the hockey puck in the urinal—that seemed to make us forget we were stretching our dick out all day in the name of journalism.

**Rating: 7** sextoy.com

**2 / Hex Condoms $11/3 pack**

I have three steadfast rules I live by: I won't wait on long lines, I don't do flight layovers, and I do not wear condoms. I haven't accomplished much in life, but as I head into my 40s, I feel like at least I've earned the right to follow my three rules. Kind of my code, you could say.

In an attempt to insure I'd never have to wear a condom again, I dropped my pants the moment the delivering doctor confirmed my second son had ten fingers and ten toes. I handed him a scalpel, said, "Cut me, Mick," and insisted he sever my vas deferens.

Granted, I'm an advocate for safe sex as well as a proponent of population control. I encourage anyone reading this to wear a condom, because if humans continue to reproduce at our current rate, I fear there will not be enough ice cream for all of us and I'd hate to have to kill anyone's child over a pint of Ben & Jerry's.

If you're like me and despise condoms but hate STDs even more, then I urge you to use Hex condoms by LELO ("The World's First Re-Engineered Condom")—a thinner, stronger, more natural-feeling product than anything on the market. And despite my steadfast rules, I did some testing and the Hex is the closest any condom has ever come to making me believe I wasn’t fucking a rubber glove. Which is probably the nicest thing anyone has ever said about a prophylactic.

**Rating: 7** **lelo.com**

### 3 / Divine 9 Lubricant $20

Ever since I was first misinformed about HPV, I wanted to contract it. Growing up in a two-road factory town in suburban New Jersey (read: toxic and ignorant), I was given a lot of bad advice by a number of stupid people. One such tidbit was: Women love a guy with HPV because it lets them know he’s up for going downtown.

As a big fan of giving women oral pleasure, I never viewed Human Papillomavirus (HPV)—the most commonly sexually transmitted infection in the U.S.—as a Scarlet Letter. Just the opposite! I’ve been praying Ms. Claus would bring some Papi-V each Christmas since I was 13 so that women everywhere would know how dedicated I was to cunnilingus. I recently told my wife my theory and she revealed, yet again, how clueless I actually am about sex. “HPV,” she said, “can also be transmitted anally or vaginally. It’s not necessarily a sign of being a proficient box muncher. And you know it also can lead to cervical cancer and genital warts, right?”

I did not know. Nor did I want to. But once I did know, I swore off sex. I told my wife I would no longer be having any manner of intercourse with her, for her own protection. Calling my bluff, she replied, “Fine. I want a divorce.” “That’s not an option,” I responded. “Let me see if there’s an alternative.” And there is! Divine 9 lubricant, made with CarraShield (a blend of sea-algae extracts), has proven to be a potent inhibitor of HPV in laboratory tests conducted by the National Cancer Institute.

Now, my new rule is that I buy Divine 9 by the 50-gallon drum, fill our bathtub with it, and have sex completely submerged in lube. It’s either that or the invisible HPV terrorists win.

**Rating: 10** **hpv-prevention.com**

### 4 / UVee Cleaning Units $140

Aside from having your sex partner steal your wallet while you’re passed out, one of the worst possible bedroom scenarios is inserting what you believe is a clean sex toy in your lover and having them scream in pain because the invisible biofilm that toys often harbor is burning their naughty parts. It generally puts the kibosh on sexy fun time.

Germophobes, worry no more! UVee has created an effective sex-toy cleaning system. Scientifically tested by a master biochemist from Harvard Research, UVee’s patent-pending germicidal UV-C light system kills 99.9 percent of all bacteria in just ten minutes. It’s been proven effective against yeast, E. coli, salmonella, streptococcus, pseudomonas, and other microorganisms. The best part is the childproof locking system doubles as a safe-deposit box to hide your wallet from sexy pickpockets.

**Rating: 10** **uveeclean.com**

### 5 / Ridley the Xenogon $60 to $160

For a great many American climate change deniers, the only type of science they accept as fact is science fiction. All you can say to people like that is, “Fuck ’em!” Literally. We suggest using one of Bad Dragon’s wonderful “state-of-the-badass-art” handmade sex-toy designs. BD’s Ridley the Xenogen, a dildo in the shape of the Xenomorphs from the *Alien* series, is available in four sizes and dozens of customizable colors. It arrives just in time for the May release of *Alien: Covenant*.

Nerds of the world: Unite, fuck, and take over!

**Rating: 11** **bad-dragon.com**

1

2

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3

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4

5

# SCIENCE FRICTION

As much as we revere the mighty roots of our humble magazine, our take on “the future”—shown here in these 1990s pictorials—is pretty goddamn hilarious. Which is surprising when you consider that Bob Guccione founded *Omni* magazine in 1978 and invested in a cold-fusion nuclear reactor in 1980. Above all, the Italian Oracle was an artist and a visionary, so while his concept of the future missed the mark entirely, you might agree that whatever the hell these retro-babes-of-tomorrow are doing is still pretty hot.

**"TO RAISE NEW QUESTIONS, NEW POSSIBILITIES, TO REGARD OLD PROBLEMS FROM A NEW ANGLE, REQUIRES CREATIVE IMAGINATION AND MARKS REAL ADVANCE IN SCIENCE."**

**—ALBERT EINSTEIN**

“AN EXPERIMENT IS A QUESTION WHICH SCIENCE POSES TO NATURE, AND A MEASUREMENT IS THE RECORDING OF NATURE’S ANSWER.”
—MAX PLANCK

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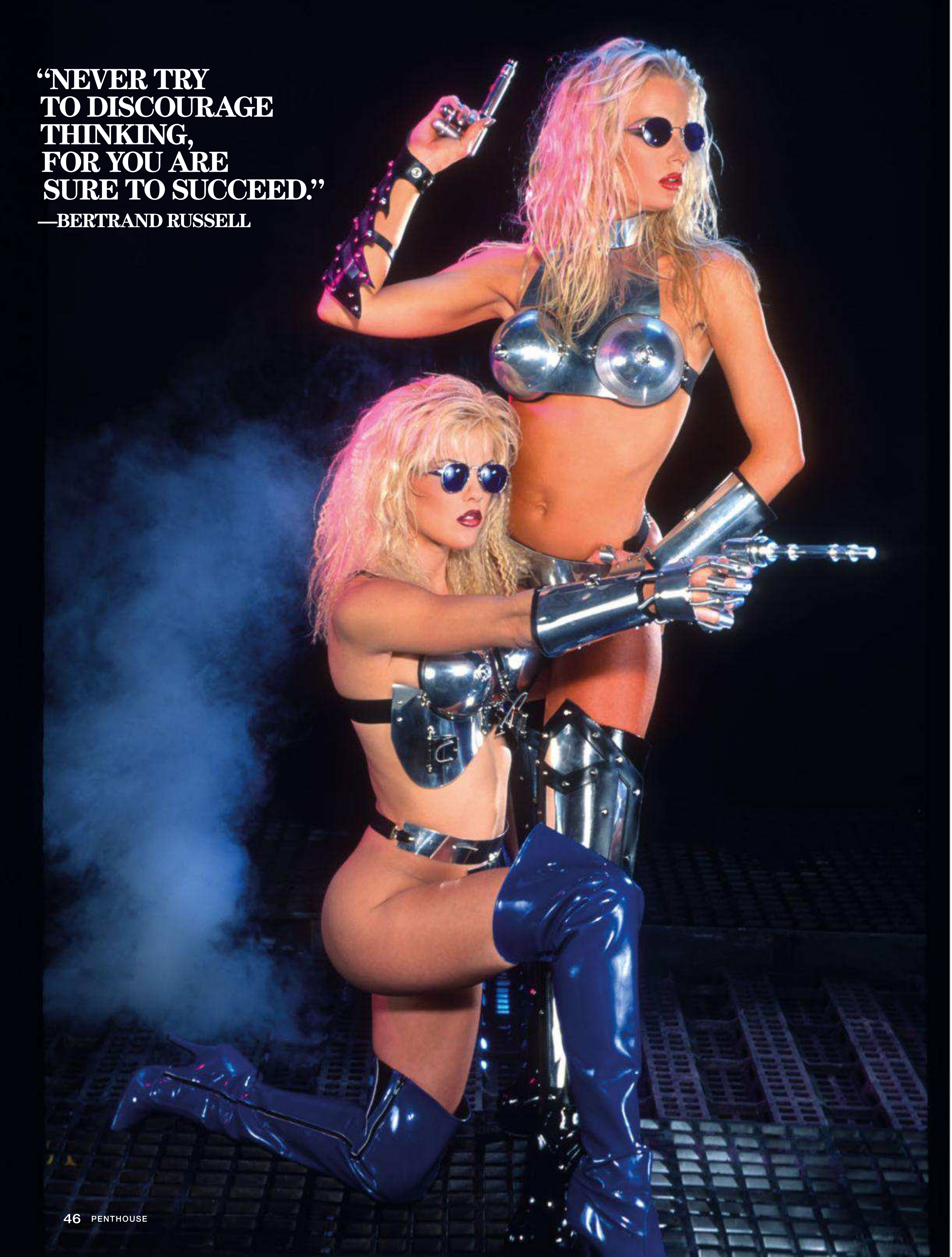

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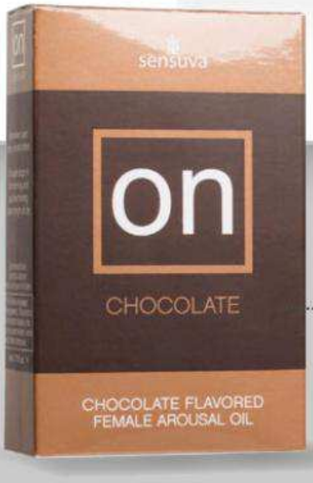
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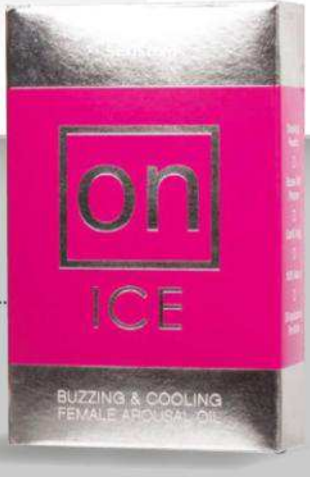
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# THE END OF SCIENCE—AND TRUTH?

### BY ALAN M. DERSHOWITZ

WE are entering a dark age of fake news, phony facts, and false history. It has long been known that truth is the first casualty of war. Recently, truth has become the first casualty of partisan politics. And it's getting worse, as both sides move away from the center and toward the extreme right and extreme left.

The history of extremism is the history of abusing truth in the interest of ideology. Every extreme selects the "Truth" that justifies its ideology and creates facts to support that "Truth." The objectivity of science is seen as the enemy, unless it produces facts favorable to the cause. Extremists not only blind themselves to unfavorable facts, they take steps to assure that these facts are suppressed, censored, and shouted down.

Consider today's campuses, where hard-left extremists seek to justify the suppression of speech with which they disagree. Recently at Middlebury College, a controversial scholar named Charles Murray was invited to speak by a group of conservative students. Radical leftists didn't want any students to hear his views, so they decided to prevent him from speaking by shouting him down.

## DESPITE MOUNTAINS OF EVIDENCE TO THE CONTRARY, THE TENDENCY TO DISCOUNT SCIENCE IN FAVOR OF PETTY PARTISANSHIP AND FIXED DOGMA PERSISTS.

Here's the way *New York Times* columnist Frank Bruni described what happened: "Chanting that Murray was 'racist, sexist, anti-gay,' the students wouldn't let him talk. And when he and the professor moved their planned interchange to a private room where it could be recorded on camera, protesters disrupted that, too, by pulling fire alarms and banging on windows. A subsequent confrontation between some of them and Murray grew physical enough that the professor with him sought medical treatment for a wrenched neck."

I have experienced similar efforts to prevent me from expressing pro-Israel views at the flagship state universities of California and Massachusetts. At Faneuil Hall in Boston—the birthplace of American liberty—I had to be rescued by local police from an angry mob of hard-left students determined to physically assault me because of my views on Israel. (I support a two-state solution and the end of settlement activity, but to anti-Israel extremists, I am a "Zionfascist.")

These radical leftists—they call themselves "progressives," but many of them are repressives—know "the Truth." And they see no reason to ruin a good ideology with bad facts. This is how a statement by the student Stalinists at Middlebury—supported by some professors—tried to justify the violent censorship of Murray and his ideas (which they called "hate speech"): "This is not respectful discourse, or a debate about free speech. These are not ideas that can be fairly debated, it is not 'representative' of the other side to give a platform to such dangerous ideologies. There is not a potential for an equal exchange of ideas…. Science has always been used to legitimize racism, sexism, classism, transphobia, ableism, and homophobia, all veiled as rational and fact, and supported by the government and state. In this world today, there is little that is true 'fact.'"

Among some right-wing extremists, there is a similar rejection of truth, science, and contrary facts, though generally without the violence. Examples are climate change, evolution, sexual freedom, reproductive rights, and religion. Partisan politics has led many on the far right to act as if they have a monopoly on truth and righteousness. They reject evidence-based facts that undercut their ideology. President Trump has made a career based on rejection of evidence, beginning with documented evidence that Barack Obama was born in the U.S., and most recently evidence that he was never "wiretapped" by President Obama.

Extreme right-wing climate change deniers continue to reject the scientific consensus that the warming of the Earth is at least partly human-induced. Candidate Trump called climate change "a Chinese hoax." Scott Pruitt—the newly appointed head of the Environmental Protection Agency—has argued that "scientists continue to disagree about the degree and extent of global

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK / STOKKETE

warming and its connection to the actions of mankind." Despite mountains of evidence to the contrary, this tendency to discount science in favor of petty partisanship and fixed dogma persists.

Right-wing ideologue Pete Nielsen played fast and loose with the facts when he stated that the "trauma" of rape prevents women from getting pregnant. When pressed on the actual hard facts, the Idaho lawmaker said, "Being a father of five girls, I've explored this a lot." Congressman Trent Franks echoed this sentiment, saying that incidences of rape resulting in pregnancy are "very low." This was in the face of numerous medical associations and experts coming out forcefully with contrary research.

Right-wing gun advocates deny any correlation between easy access to guns and gun violence, despite convincing evidence to the contrary. And biblical fundamentalists insist that God created all life exactly as it now exists, less than 6,000 years ago, despite fossil evidence to the contrary.

The objectivity of scientific facts—and those who adhere to them—is often viewed as "the enemy," which in turn breeds vitriolic and hyperbolic rhetoric, intellectual intolerance, and encourages the formation of a self-contained echo chamber.

This is a dangerous development. Both Hitler and Stalin began by burning books, and ended by burning people. We are not, thankfully, at that point. But if the hard-left students (who believe science is the enemy of their concept of justice) and the hard-right ideologues (who believe science is the enemy of their concept of truth) manage to get their ways, we are in for a dark age of repression.

# TAKING NAMES

June Pet of the Month Olive Glass is notorious for coming to a busker's rescue by slam-tackling a guy in Manhattan's Union Square station, but she claims she doesn't like to fight (even though she's damn good at it). And while this firecracker seems to be kicking ass at life, she needs a breather now and again. So let's take a step back, quiet our minds, and help Olive find her center.
Her naughty little center….

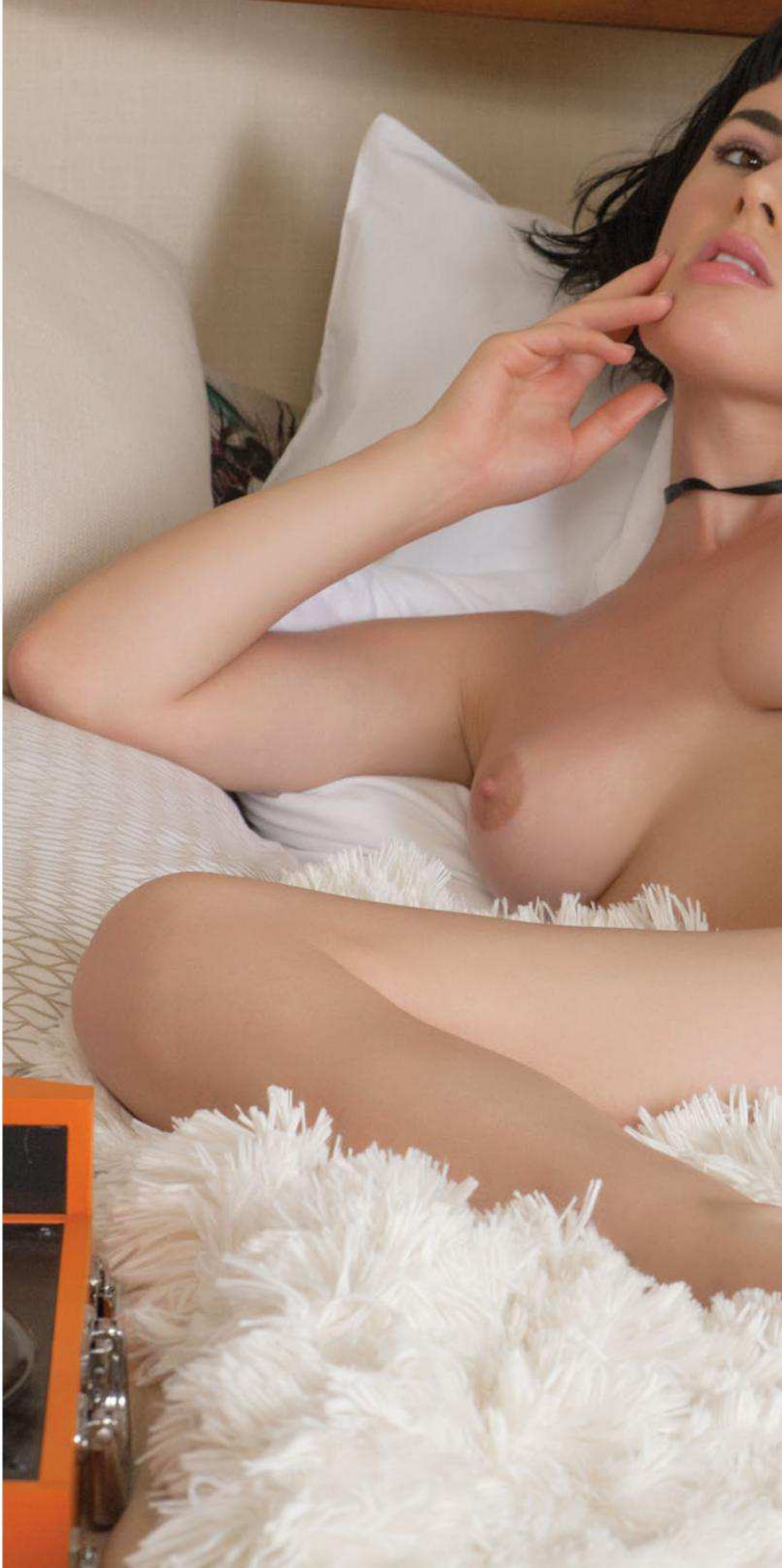
**Photography: Gerald de Behr**

“I’M REALLY LOUD WHEN I HAVE SEX—YELLING, BITING PILLOWS, WAKING UP THE NEIGHBORS.”

"I DON'T LIKE BEING TREATED DELICATELY WHEN IT COMES TO SEX. YOU CAN TOSS ME AROUND. I LOVE IT."

"IF I WANT TO HAVE SEX WITH A STRANGER, I WILL. SIMPLE."

“I GET OFF BY PENETRATION. THE BIGGER THE DICK, THE HARDER I’LL COME.”



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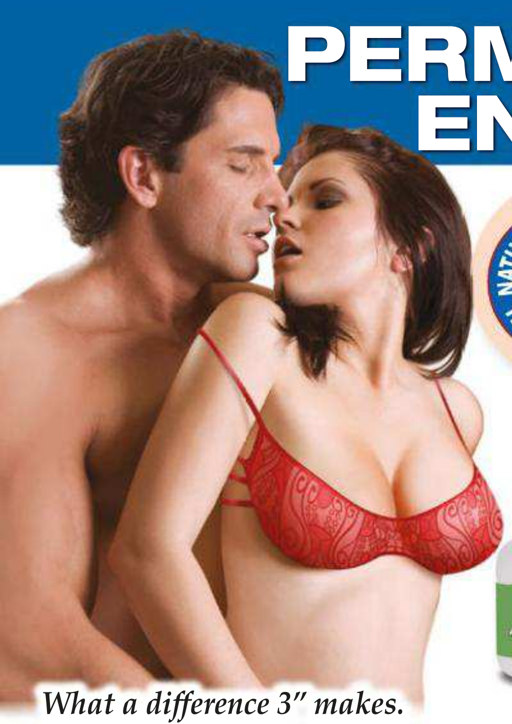

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**Hometown:** Logan, Utah

**You grew up Mormon, right?**

Right.

**Okay! So I have to ask...is "basting" a real thing?**

Oh my God! You know about basting? We also called it "marinating" or "soaking." Mormon's aren't allowed to have sex until marriage, so the loophole is that if you penetrate but don't move, you're not really engaging in sex. Super kinky.

**Do you have to be soft when you put it in or pull out? Doesn't that part count as moving?**

I don't know. I've never done it. I'm not that weird.

**But you do have a magical vagina, right?**

Huh?

**You mentioned your vagina would tip you off when you're ready to have sex with a guy.**

(*Laughs*) Yeah. Science.

**Vagina science?**

My whole body reacts. I get a really good feeling–an indicator that we have good chemistry. My vagina and body chemistry will react long before my consciousness will.

**So it's safe to assume you've had only amazing sexual experiences, right?**

I was seeing this guy years ago. I realize now that he must have been a virgin. It was like having sex with a bunny rabbit. He needed to slow down…but instead, he came really early and said that it was the best sex he'd ever had. How did I not know he was a virgin?

**Strange how some guys would rather power through than share a potential vulnerability.**

That's why I like communication so much. I can handle just about anything if you fucking talk to me.

**Like you were able to handle your old job as a Walmart cashier? People of Walmart–accurate or exaggerated?**

It's absolutely accurate. My favorite was a woman who came through my checkout line with 30 boxes of frozen pizza, two giant chocolate bars, and a package of stool softener. People get weird in Walmart.

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PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / LIYA GRAPHICS

# THE ANATOMY (AND PATHOLOGY) OF SEX

## BY NICOLE ANGEMI, MS, PA (ASCP)

GOOD sex is one of the ultimate pleasures we can give to another person—and to ourselves. Touching, licking, sucking, pounding, stroking, biting, pulling, grabbing, and finger-banging are all awesome—at least they are when our sexual equipment (and the equipment of our sex partner) is functioning correctly.

When things aren't working right, be it a new problem (like impotence) or an issue that's been there since birth (a micropenis, perhaps—yup, official medical term), we call it pathology, and that's my field. I am a board-certified pathologists' assistant with over 16 years experience working in the hospital laboratory and pathology departments. And through the years I've seen some shit.

Before we can understand the pathology of sex, we need to establish the baseline for what's considered normal. Plus, knowing the male and female anatomies is one of the ultimate powers one can hold in the bedroom. The more you know, the more fun you can have.

Let's start with a little Sex Ed 101.

Under normal circumstances, the penis is just hanging out, minding its own business until it gets stimulated (which seems to be often). We call this a hard-on, a boner, a stiffie, and so on. Mechanically, what transforms a penis into an erection is blood flow into a pair of hollow cavities called the corpus cavernosum. Distended, these cavities make the penis hard and ridged for penetration. There's also another cavity called the corpus spongiosum. This one swells with soft spongy tissue and houses a tube called the urethra, which is the way a guy ejects pee and semen from his body.

Speaking of semen, I'll never forget when a female classmate in my seventh-grade Sex Ed class raised her hand and asked, "What is come?" I can't remember the teacher's reply, but here's how I would answer: Sperm—the little cells that look like tadpoles—are made in the testicles. Sperm travel up the vas deferens to the prostate gland where they meet the seminal vesicles and merge with vesicle fluid. Bingo, come.

During sexual climax, a man's eyes roll to the back of his head, he has a small seizure, and we ladies get to see the big show. Or to put that more scientifically: After a man experiences orgasm, semen exits the urethra of his penis.

As for women, we don't need stimuli (although it's nice) to be ready for sex. Our hole is always open, as I like to say!

The female genital tract has one thought on its mind: Make a baby.

Every month the ovaries and uterus work hard to create the perfect baby-makin' environment. The uterine lining builds up. The ovaries release an egg. That egg either becomes a baby or it doesn't. If it's fertilized by a sperm, pregnancy occurs. If the egg is not fertilized, it will be discarded along with the new uterine lining. This is called the menstrual period. (Women know it as hell on earth.)

During male orgasm, semen shoots up the vagina right into the cervix, a portal to the uterus for sperm and an exit hole for a baby or period blood. Once in the uterus, sperm start looking for the egg. One lucky guy might find it, whereupon the egg gets fertilized in the fallopian tube. The fertilized egg divides, travels out of the tube, and plants itself into that cozy new uterine layer. This is the spot where the growing embryo will turn into a fetus over the course of the next nine months.

As for female orgasm, it's not a functional process as with men (their willies are sperm-shooters, orgasm the trigger) but rather a "sensational" process. It causes sensations.

(Indeed, it does.)

While we're on the subject of female anatomy and sex, let me just say that I will not be exploring the phenomenon of big tits, big lips, and big asses. These aspects of female anatomy have a strong cultural, as opposed to purely biological, dimension. In some cultures breasts are for babies to enjoy. In others, motorboating. To each his own.

Humans are animals. As animals, our sexual anatomy is designed for baby creation. That said, we as a species have a highly evolved intelligence (even if it doesn't always seem that way). We can think things through. We weigh actions and make decisions, even when it comes to sex and baby-making. Just because we are designed to procreate doesn't mean we have to.

The most effective form of birth control is abstinence. Yeah, that sounds fun! Fortunately, for those of us who actually want to enjoy time in the sack without pregnancy, we have options.

Birth control-wise, surgery is highly effective. A doctor cuts the tube carrying the sperm or egg and the two can't meet. In men, the vas deferens gets snipped. Hello, vasectomy. The vas is in the scrotal sac, easily accessed. A woman's option is more invasive: tubal ligation, aka getting the tubes tied. A doctor enters through the woman's belly and snips off all or part of the fallopian tube, ending egg transport.

Globally, about 20 percent of women use hormones to prevent pregnancy. Birth control pills were the first method, introduced in the sixties. "The Pill," the patch, the ring, the injectable, and implants all work by preventing egg release. Hormones also thicken mucus around the cervix so the sperm confronts a barrier.

Implantables include IUDs—intrauterine devices—and fallopian tube clips or coils. I'm not of fan of devices unless they are 100 percent medically necessary. When the body recognizes something as foreign, it has one objective: get this thing the fuck out of me. It creates barriers to protect itself. That's when trouble can start.

**SOME PEOPLE ARE BORN WITH AMBIGUOUS GENITALIA. SOME GROW UP FEELING LIKE THEY WERE BORN IN THE WRONG BODY.**

In theory, an IUD sounds awesome, but complications can be nasty, including infection, bleeding, cramping, and the device getting stuck in the uterine wall, possibly gouging it. The pill, too, can cause complications, including strokes—especially in smokers—but such outcomes are rare, and if it slightly raises the breast cancer risk, it decreases ovarian, endometrial, and colorectal cancer risks.

Condoms, the sponge, and diaphragms are non-hormonal, non-surgical, and operate as physical barriers. Sponges cover the cervix and carry a spermicide. It's pretty effective if used properly. As for the diaphragm, it's almost like a short, wide condom for women. It covers the cervix, blocking sperm. It's better than nothing but not especially effective.

The pull-out method is my favorite form of birth control! Unfortunately, it's also the least effective. But if you like to feel your partner's skin, this one's for you. Moreover, it makes sex a little more dangerous and exciting, don't you think?

PSA: Even when a woman has her period or is breastfeeding she can get pregnant. When Jeff Goldblum in *Jurassic Park* said, "Nature will always find a way," he was dead-on. There are documented cases of pregnancy in women using each birth control option above. It takes just one sperm and one egg to make a baby!

Humans are one of the few species that enjoy sex for pleasure. Who else? Dolphins, chimpanzees, and penguins, among others. Penguins are total WHORES. These horny birds partake in gang-banging, multiple partners, homosexuality, even rape.

* * *

SO now you know the machinery and its basic functions. But just like ingeniously designed iPhones have glitches, our super-sophisticated sexual bits can have performance and configuration issues. We can't all be flawless. Normal's not fun anyway. More importantly, the abnormal is what keeps me in business!

Some people are born with ambiguous genitalia. Some grow up feeling like they were born in the wrong body. This is nothing new, but it's more accepted and recognized now. Is it a boy? A girl? In the twenty-first century, these questions are more complicated, even if human biology hasn't changed.

Under normal conditions, sex is determined at the time of conception. Mom's egg meets Dad's sperm and the result is a shared genetic makeup called the genotype. If you are a girl your genotype is XX, and if you are a boy your genotype is XY.

In early fetal development, males and females look alike. But males have a gene that causes testicles to grow. Testicles release hormones, which turn a male into a male anatomically. Without these hormones, a female starts forming female sex organs. This is called the phenotype. A phenotype is when we look at a person and determine their sex based on anatomy—a penis and scrotum for a male, a vulva and vagina for a female.

But some of us humans aren't clearly male or female. Our term for this is "intersex." It can be a genotype issue (the fetus not neatly XX or XY), a phenotype issue (both male and female sex organs present at birth), or a combination. Nature hasn't decided the sex. At some point the parents, child, and/or doctors must make the call.

Klinefelter syndrome and Turner syndrome are two of the conditions that can alter the genotype. Klinefelter occurs in males, and it's when a man has an extra X chromosome. He looks like or has the phenotype of a normal male, but after puberty he won't have sex characteristics like body hair. His semen contains no sperm. Turner's only occurs in females, when a woman is missing an X chromosome. Phenotypically, she looks female, but she is short in stature and can't have children.

It's human nature to identify with male and female phenotypes. Some conditions in which phenotypes are abnormal or don't match the genotype include aphallia (male born without a penis), clitoromegaly (female with an enlarged clitoris), micropenis (male born with a small penis), partial or complete AIS (androgen insensitivity syndrome), and CAH (congenital adrenal hyperplasia).

Complete AIS is usually inherited. It blocks a body's cells from responding to hormones. In the AIS fetus, testicles grow, but the male sex organs (penis, scrotum) do not. And since testosterone prevents a fetus from growing female sex organs and the AIS fetus does not respond to this hormone, the organs differentiate into a female. AIS babies look like females, but have male DNA and internal testicles. These people cannot have children.

CAH or congenital adrenal hyperplasia causes unusually high levels of hormones. A female with normal chromosomes develops male sex characteristics such as body hair, a deep voice, and a clitoris that is enlarged or resembles a small penis. Men can have this disorder, too, but it does not cause ambiguous genitalia.

The term "hermaphrodite" has now been changed to "intersex" because a hermaphrodite in any species can act as both a male and female AND has the ability to self-procreate. Since this is impossible in humans, we changed the term.

In the past, parents of intersex children picked a gender for their child and surgeries and hormone treatment followed accordingly. Today it is advised to let the child accept their body and allow them to make their own decision as they get older. This way, the individual can chose the gender they most identify with.

We hear the word "transgender" a lot these days. It's a broad term describing individuals who feel their gender identity differs from what they were assigned at birth. These patients can undergo treatment such as hormone therapy and have plastic and sexual reassignment surgeries to look more like the sex they most identify with.

These surgeries are pretty hard-core but the results are amazing: things like surgical reconstruction that inverts the penis into the body to make a vagina, or non-penile inversion techniques where the penis and testicles are amputated and plastic surgery shapes female-looking genitals. (See? Amazing.)

Surgery can also give these patients a more feminine appearance by shaving thyroid cartilage (the Adam's apple) and embedding breast implants.

Can you go from female to male? Yes, you can. Phalloplasty or metoidioplasty can create a penis. In phalloplasty, tissue grafted from another site (an arm or leg, say) fashions a penis and extends the urethra for urination. An implant is added for penile firmness. It's expensive surgery and has a long list of complications, but these patients are usually capable of sexual penetration with their partner.

Metoidioplasty involves testosterone therapy. Since the clitoris and penis are the same kind of tissue, hormones cause the clit to grow in size. Surgery moves the enlarged clitoris to normal penis position. An implant is not needed because a clitoris is erectile tissue and should work the same as a penis. This procedure is simpler with fewer complications than a phalloplasty, but the end result may not be as desirable. The clitoris does enlarge but is still very small (1.5-2") and penetrative sex may be difficult. Female to male transgender patients may also undergo a hysterectomy to remove their uterus, fallopian tubes, and ovaries, a mastectomy to remove their breasts, and vaginoplasty to close their vagina.

The penis has so much to live up to. It's hard, it's soft, it urinates, it ejaculates, it rules the world! But even this powerful being fails from time to time.

Erectile dysfunction occurs when blood flow to the corpus cavernosum gets disrupted. Treatment includes injections, a penis prosthesis, and medication. Erectile assistance drugs are one of the best things that ever hit the market. But when ED commercials say, "If you have an erection lasting four hours, seek medical attention," trust me, they ain't lying. The condition is called priapism. Priapism occurs for all sorts of reasons, including diabetes, cardiovascular disease, and hormonal imbalance. It can also follow medication use, including ED drugs. Unfortunately the treatment for a prolonged erection is not to keep stroking it until it goes away. It requires medical attention. The patient may be given cold compresses or get a needle inserted into their penis to physically remove the blood.

In America, when a male baby is born, the hot topic of circumcision comes up. To me, circumcision is like a fashion trend–one minute it's in, the next minute it's out. I tend to think that if you are born with it, you need it (unless it's diseased). Why cut

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / FOTODUKI

off perfectly healthy foreskin? Foreskin adds width to the penis and has a function! It has lubricating properties. It also protects the penis and vagina from chaffing during sex. Foreskin also makes jerking off a hell of a lot easier, too.

One of the pro-circumcision arguments involves hygiene. Foreskin allows smegma to accumulate. Yes, smegma is an actual thing. It's a white, cheeselike substance that forms between the penis and foreskin. It's made of dead skin cells and oils secreted from glands in the penis skin. When it builds up, it can irritate and inflame the penis, making the skin more prone to infections, including STDs. Phimosis occurs when inflammation causes the foreskin to cover the head of the penis. Paraphimosis involves foreskin stuck behind the penile head. It becomes an emergency if stuck like that for hours, as it could actually strangle the penis.

Did you know you can break your wang? It's called penile fracture. Think of a hard cock hitting a brick wall, or impacting a vagina at 40mph during pneumatic sex. The penis bends and one or both of the blood-filled corpus cavernosa ruptures or bursts. There's a cracking sound and you get a large purple bruise the length of your shaft. It hurts like a bitch and you need medical help. Surgery can repair the damage. Ignoring it can lead to erectile dysfunction, urethral scarring, and a bent penis.

**THE PENIS HAS SO MUCH TO LIVE UP TO. IT'S HARD, IT'S SOFT, IT URINATES, IT EJACULATES, IT RULES THE WORLD! BUT EVEN THIS POWERFUL BEING FAILS FROM TIME TO TIME.**

On the female side of things, there's nothing so dramatic as penile fracture, but there is such thing as prolapse, a condition most commonly associated with age and childbirth. The pelvic floor muscles are strong and almost woven like a basket to hold the organs in. During childbirth, a woman vigorously pushes a large object out of her vag and the strain and pressure can damage pelvic muscles. The uterus droops into the vagina, pulling the bladder and rectum along for the ride. Extreme prolapse requires surgery.

Risks come with everything in life. You eat cake for breakfast, lunch, and dinner, you get fat. You drink vodka all day, you get cirrhosis. You smoke cigarettes, you get lung cancer. You have sex, you get syphilis. (Okay, to contract syphilis, you'd have to be pretty unlucky, but of course it does happen.)

In general it's better to get a bacterial STD than a viral one because antibiotics kill bacteria. If you have a bacterial infection and take meds, it should clear up nicely and your beautiful genitals will return to normal. Antiviral drugs are a little different. These drugs can be very effective and slow down or stop the virus from replicating, but it does not eradicate the virus. It's always hiding there. In short, there are good STDs to get, and bad ones.

Bacterial STDs include chlamydia, gonorrhea, and syphilis. They cause odors, burning, lumps, bumps, and drip on the tip. Untreated, they can cause serious problems, including pelvic inflammatory disease (which scars the fallopian tubes, leading to infertility), brain damage, and death.

Viral STDs include herpes (genital and oral), HPV (human papillomavirus), HIV, and hepatitis C. If your partner has a cold sore and wants to go down on you, run! "Cold sores" are a nice way of saying "mouth herpes." Which can become vagina or penis herpes. Herpes spreads mouth to mouth, mouth to penis, penis to vagina, penis to anus, mouth to anus, vagina to vagina. Catch my drift?

HIV and Hepatitis C may act differently but have the same mode of entry. Though not present in saliva, they are present in semen and blood. If you are a person that likes to partake in facials, HIV/Hep C can gain entry via semen getting in your eyes, nose, or mouth. Vigorous intercourse also causes tears in both the anus and the vagina, opening up an entryway for blood to make contact with semen.

HPV causes genital warts. It can also cause abnormal cells in the uterine cervix to grow, potentially leading to cancer. HPV can also cause changes in throat cells, which can lead to throat cancer, and in the penis, which can lead to penile cancer. The best way to avoid infection and disease is by using a condom. Condoms, however, are not a 100 percent guarantee.

But let's end on a different note. Some people, bored with the old in and out, turn to things like genital piercings, subdermal implants, cock rings, and surgical modifications (like penis and tongue splitting).

The insertion of foreign bodies is another avenue for exploration. For example, people love sticking things up their butt. This is anecdotal, but in my professional experience, every single foreign body I have ever received in pathology that came out of a rectum has been from a man.

Why? The magical prostate gland. It's located directly beneath the bladder and can be accessed in two ways: through the skin between the penis or anus (the perineum, "taint," or "gooch") or direct access through the anus. When a man is aroused, the prostate enlarges and the seminal vesicles get all juicy. When it is rubbed, the super sensitive nerves can cause intense, prolonged orgasms, orgasms without penis stimulation, even multiple orgasms! Squeezing the butt cheeks (like holding in a fart) at the time of orgasm heightens the sensation. Granted, the topic of anal stimulation makes heterosexual men uncomfortable. Most men think touching or sticking something up their butt makes them gay and therefore the area is off-limits. As Ali Wong says in her stand-up, if they only knew they had a clit up their ass, they might change their mind!

Butthole pleasures are nice, but keep one thing in mind: suction. You know when you have that feeling you have to poop but you can't go because you are in an important meeting…or at Target? If you hold it in, the feeling goes away—it gets sucked back up! And I've seen some impressive things sucked up into rectums, including a baseball, giant dildos/vibrators, hair spray bottles, shaving cream cans, travel toothbrush holders, and a variety of fruits and vegetables including a half-eaten pear. The pear was my favorite until I recently heard of a pathologist's assistant who extracted lizards from someone's rectum.

Treatment for these things is either manual or surgical removal. Not fun.

The point of all this? Protect yo self before you wreck yo self. If you do get an infection, get treatment STAT. And don't spread that shit—it ain't cool. If you don't want a baby, use birth control correctly. And don't judge! I like being choked during sex and some girls like having their feet stimulated. Whatever floats your boat.

Men, let your lady play with your ass. You can thank me later. But if you decide to stick something up your butt, be careful—it could get lost up there forever!

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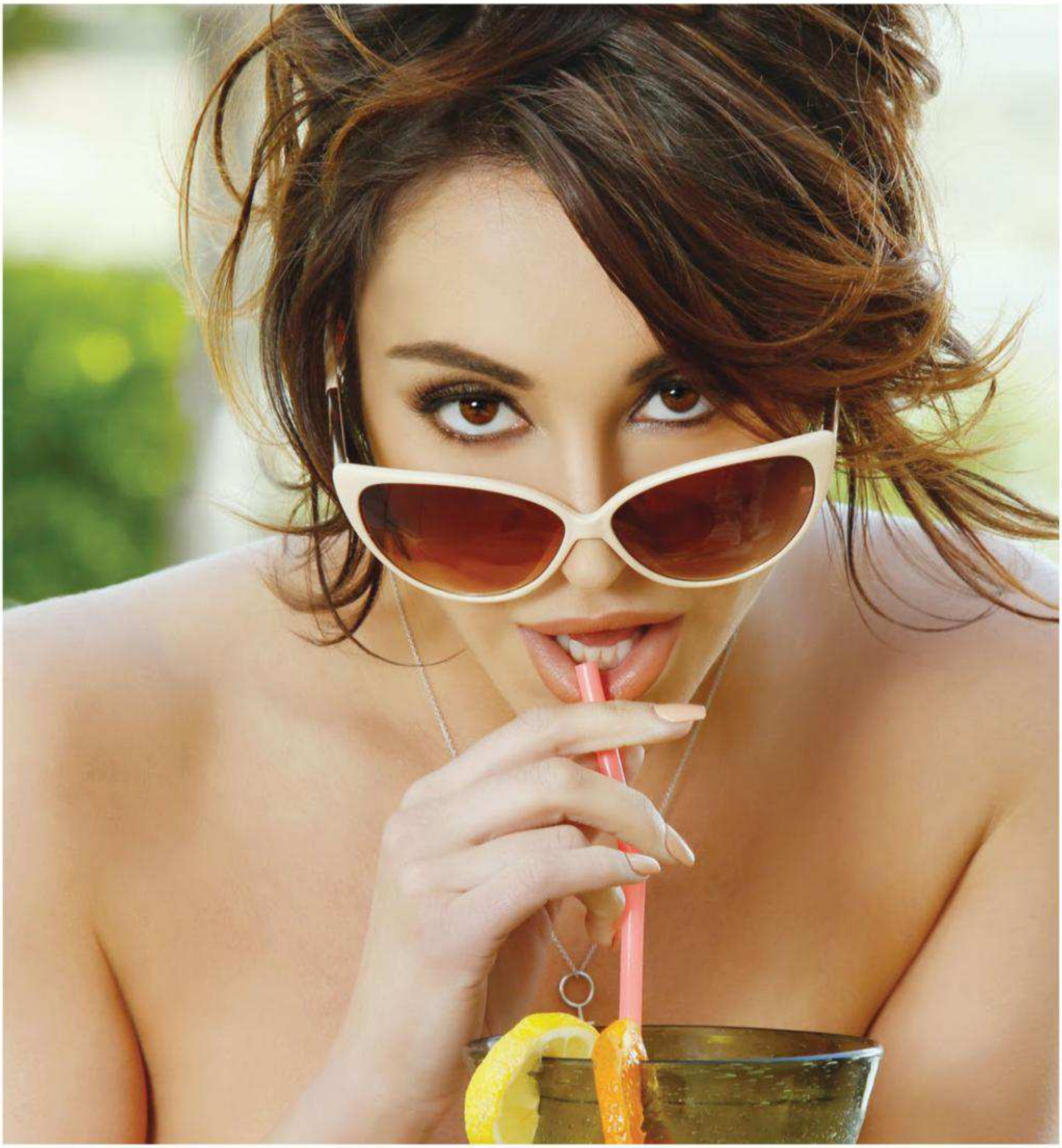


# PET OF THE YEAR RUNNER-UP

Congratulations to Christiana Cinn, our 2017 Pet of the Year Runner-Up! Those almond-shaped eyes just hypnotize us…whenever we remember to make eye contact. Yeah, yeah. Your eyes are "up here." But can you blame us? We get mighty distracted by you swinging your perfect assets around a pole, spilling about your elevator-threesome adventures, and sharing your I-wanna-get-busy-in-a-castle-so-I-can-feel-like-a-princess fantasy.

Well, Princess, here's to your long, slow ride to the top.

**Photography: Tammy Sands**

“THE MOST ORGASMS I’VE HAD IN ONE DAY IS THIRTEEN.”

“MY FIRST ON-CAMERA EXPERIENCE WAS SO HOT. I HAD AN AMAZING ORGASM.”

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / RAZOOMANET

STOCKS AND BONDAGE

# FINISH HIM!

## BY JENNY NORDBAK

THE door to his cell creaked satisfyingly as I slowly swung it open. To his credit, my naked slave didn't even dare to glance up at me when I planted my leather thigh-high boots in front of him. He was perfectly still, but I could feel the electric anticipation pumping off him. He had been locked in total darkness for an hour, which is an eternity when you don't know when it will end–and you are waiting to be punished.

Periodically throughout the hour, I had put my raunchy romance novel down long enough to rise from the throne in the corner and approach his cell, letting the click of my heels echo menacingly on the cold concrete floor. I was toying with his mind. Having subbed in the past, I knew that every time I did it, he would be shaken back into a state of heightened anticipation thinking the hour was up, only to hear my footsteps retreat once more.

Now that I had freed him from his cell, I needed to decide what to do with him. He wanted to be spanked, made to feel powerless, and humiliated. That can mean different things for different people, so I was hesitant about how to proceed, but couldn't let my indecision show. He needed me to be powerful and absolutely sure of myself. Learning to project those qualities even when I didn't feel them was one of the most useful lessons I learned while working in a dungeon.

My slave looked ready to cry, but I hadn't even started *trying* to make him cry yet. I still needed my inciting incident. He didn't want elaborate roleplay, but did want there to be a logical reason I was spanking him, so I needed him to commit a punishable offense.

I reached out and gently wove my fingers into his dark hair, noting that it was damp with sweat despite how cool it was in the room. As I roughly seized his hair in my fist and started to haul him across the floor, he scrambled to move forward on his knees. Why does it feel so good to pull someone else by the hair?

I dragged him over to a bench before releasing my painful hold on his scalp.

**I GRABBED HIM BY THE HAIR, PULLING HIM ACROSS MY LAP INTO THE CLASSIC OVER-THE-KNEE SPANKING POSITION.**

"Sit."

I was amused when he sat down on his haunches like a dog. It wasn't quite what I had intended, but I couldn't very well punish him for my own imprecision. I patted the stainless-steel bench twice, and he scrambled to get up and sit where I had indicated.

I stood directly in front of him and kicked his knees wide apart, pressing the toe of my boot into his vulnerable balls just hard enough to be terrifying. He panted heavily, but didn't protest.

"So you want to try some cock and ball torture today, right?"

"No!" He tried to leap back, but was pinned to the bench by my boot. He looked up and met my eyes, desperately shaking his head.

*The threat of CBT gets them every time….*

I lifted my boot from his balls and bent down so that I was close enough to kiss him, but instead replied with disgust. "How dare you look me in the eye? You're worthless vermin. You keep your eyes on the floor!"

"I'm so sorry, Mistress…I won't–"

"Don't bother. It's too late. I have to punish you now."

I sat down next to him and draped a large towel over my thighs. Then I grabbed him by the hair again, pulling him across my lap into the classic over-the-knee spanking position.

As a sub, there's something intimate about over-the-knee spanking that's a turn-on, but it's also humiliating and makes you feel exposed to have your ass up in the air. You can't help feeling like a powerless child. As a Domme, over-the-knee always made me envision myself as a stern but naughty Headmistress spanking one of her subordinates–and I liked it.

I gave him a good warm-up on both ass cheeks before starting to spank him in earnest, swinging my hand down in stinging blows across his backside and upper thighs. As I built up the intensity, he started to whimper frantically after each blow. I was beginning to think I would need to tone it back down when I suddenly became aware of a telltale hardness pressing against my leg through the towel.

*Perfect. He wants humiliation? Here it comes.*

"Are you fucking turned-on by this, you little pervert? Do you think it's hot to be bent over my knee and punished?"

I pushed him off my lap and he rolled to the floor in a heap.

"No, Mistress!"

"Then what the fuck is that?" I asked, gesturing with disdain towards his erection.

He hung his head in shame, unable to hide his arousal.

"I'm sorry, Mistress. I just can't help it."

I chuckled and shook my head.

"Well, if you can't help it, then you better finish. You clearly can't behave like a civilized human being."

"What do you–"

"You know what I mean, you little shit. *Finish*," I said in a tone that brooked no argument.

He paused for only a moment before starting to stroke himself. It didn't take long until his movements became frenzied and he began to pant. As he seemed to be getting close, I laughed at him and he hung his head lower, utterly humiliated. But he didn't stop.

"Look me in the eye, pervert."

The look in his eyes as he met mine was a thrilling mixture of mortification, desperation, and finally relief as he came onto the towel in front of him. He buried his head in his shaking hands, taking deep shuddering breaths.

I gave him a few minutes to decompress, allowing him to break the silence when he was ready.

"Man, what a rush! Thank you, Scarlett…that was exactly what I needed."

I let him get dressed and then gave him a big hug, thanking him for trusting me once again.

Michael was the CEO of a massive corporation, so in his day-to-day life he was always the one in charge. It turned him on to have a strong woman put him in his place sometimes. I was always happy to oblige.

PHOTO: TOP: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / KUZNECHIK / LEFT: RAZOOMANET

# "ALTERNATIVE FACTS" WON'T STOP SCIENCE

### BY PETER LAUFER

FUKUSHIMA. Three Mile Island. Chernobyl. Unseen lethal poisons in the air. Abandoned cities. Stealth terror is attached to the place names of famous nuclear disasters. Yet the first and worst nuclear power disaster on American soil occurred over fifty years ago, just outside Los Angeles, and the meltdown remains all but unknown today.

The date was July 12, 1959. A company called Atomics International, testing the operation of a reactor utilizing the technology that destroyed the cities of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, lost control of an experiment at its Santa Susana Field Laboratory just north of L.A.

For two weeks, the lab spewed a cocktail of radioactive debris into the Southern California air, including deadly plutonium and strontium. How much? No one seems to know. Where did it go? Ask the winds—there apparently are no records. Residents of nearby Simi Valley these many years later still seek answers. And the half-million suburbanites who live within ten miles of the site? They remain at risk because thorough cleanup of the poisoned landscape has been stalled and, according to Physicians for Social Responsibility, "Contamination continues to migrate…and has been found in numerous offsite locations."

**MARK TWAIN IS FAMOUS FOR SAYING, "EVERYBODY TALKS ABOUT THE WEATHER, BUT NOBODY DOES ANYTHING ABOUT IT."**

Here's the scariest part: Santa Susana-type nightmares can be replicated whenever and wherever science is ignored and stifled. And, I'm sad to report, the Trump era is ushering in an open season on science.

Our oceans are becoming hot tubs. Tropical sea turtles wander north in the warming Pacific, far from their usual Southern California and Mexican haunts before they encounter cold water, turn south, and try to return to home waters. Rescuers find lost olive ridleys beached, malnourished, comatose, and suffering from hyperthermia on beaches not far from my University of Oregon office in Eugene. This is just one example of nature's growing screams that global warming is changing our world for the worse, as we continue to pollute the air with carbon dioxide and methane. Another prime example? The fast-melting polar ice caps.

Some among us, including President Trump, don't like hearing this type of bad news. Responsible reaction costs big money and stifles business as usual. "Scary science talk" about things like melting polar ice caps calls out us humans for our ignorance and failing stewardship of the natural world. This is why Trump and his legions of supporters reject the solid evidence that we the people, with our automobiles and our polluting industries, are killing the planet. The naysayers prefer so-called "alternative facts" and conspiracies that support the administration's proposed cuts to regulations that protect our environment.

Following Mr. Trump's move into the White House, he sent a cadre of anti-science climate change deniers to take over crucial government agencies, including the Environmental Protection Agency. Their assignment: negate established science and question the credibility of experts. The scientists whose work was targeted are the same federal researchers the public has been looking to for help as we struggle with the immediate effects of climate change, like rising sea levels and extreme weather.

Mark Twain is famous for saying, "Everybody talks about the weather, but nobody does anything about it." In truth, important work *is* being done around the world to deal with the changing weather, but it's work the Trump administration wants to stop. To quote our Twitter-loving president, "Sad!"

How about a quick history lesson, just for fun? First, a pop quiz. How bad a president was Richard Nixon? Nixon was in

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / KWEST

office when maybe your grandfather voted against him–or for him. But he left the White House disgraced after the Watergate scandal, the first and only president in our history to resign. (So far!) Weirdly enough, Tricky Dick Nixon, a couple of generations before Twitter was invented, talked in tweets. Two of his most famous lines are: “I am not a crook!” and “You won’t have Nixon to kick around anymore!”

But there’s more. Before Nixon’s exile from Washington back to California, the Republican president signed the executive order establishing the Environmental Protection Agency. Whether he gave a hoot about the environment or was merely trying to distract attention from his escalating Vietnam War, who knows? But half a century later, the EPA has managed to orchestrate the cleanup of some ungodly man-made messes. And it’s done a bang-up job of raising our national consciousness about the dangers of pollution to our health and to our children’s future.

Remember that *Mad Men* scene, staged in the early sixties, when Don Draper takes his family on a picnic? They’ve finished eating and are ready to head back to their gas-guzzling Cadillac. Draper drains his beer and then hurls the empty can across the grass, no trash can in sight. His wife shakes out their blanket, flinging paper plates and dirty napkins to the wind. Littering in those pre-EPA days was routine, just as poisonous industrial waste spewing into our air and water was considered an acceptable cost of doing business.

**HOW LUCKY SOME OF US ARE TO LIVE INSULATED FROM THE RAVAGES OF RUINED ENVIRONMENTS THAT THE EPA STRUGGLES TO CLEAN UP.**

How easy it is to forget our dirty recent past. How lucky some of us are to live insulated from the ravages of ruined environments that the EPA struggles to clean up. Enter Team Trump.

The president was on the job less than a month when his new EPA administrator, Scott Pruitt, reiterated on CNBC his beliefs regarding climate change science: “I think that measuring with precision human activity on the climate is something very challenging to do, and there’s tremendous disagreement about the degree of impact, so no, I would not agree that it’s a primary contributor to the global warming that we see.”

In his former role as Attorney General of Oklahoma, Pruitt sued the EPA repeatedly. His beef? The agency attempts to control air pollution in his oil-producing, gas-refining state. No surprise then that the fossil fuel business donated luxuriously to his election campaigns. And no surprise that when President Trump revealed his first budget to Congress, the EPA was gutted, its proposed funding slashed by a third.

Senator Bernie Sanders responded to Trump’s choice of Pruitt on Twitter: “Trump’s nominee to lead EPA, Scott Pruitt, is a climate denier who’s worked closely with the fossil fuel industry. That’s sad and dangerous.” Meanwhile, the growing public cacophony against scientists who link human activity to global warming is only getting louder.

This assault on the EPA and climate science is nothing new for Pruitt and his fellow climate change deniers. The EPA Administrator’s pal, Oklahoma senator James Inhofe, as chairman of the environment committee, took to the Senate floor years ago to declare catastrophic global warming the “greatest hoax ever perpetrated on the American people.” No coincidence that the Sooner State’s senior senator is author of the book *The Greatest Hoax: How the Global Warming Conspiracy Threatens Your Future*.

On the House side of the Capitol, Texas representative Joe Barton, as senior Republican on the energy committee, invoked his Supreme Being when speaking of climate change. “For us to try to step in and say we have got to do all these global things to prevent the Earth from getting any warmer is absolute nonsense,” was his response to scientists forecasting global calamity. Then his money line: “You can’t regulate God.”

“I don’t believe climate change is real,” says Fox talk-show host and Trump sycophant Sean Hannity, who’s been preaching this to his legions of TV watchers and radio listeners for years. “I think this is global warming hysteria and alarmism.”

There’s nothing new under the sun, so to speak, when it comes to the denial and name-calling that climate change scientists and their critics are mired in these days. As far back as the 1890s, Swedish physicist and chemist Svante Arrhenius speculated that man-made carbon dioxide was adding to the natural greenhouse effect and making the Earth hotter. “Nonsense,” was the response of his naysaying contemporaries.

Fast-forward to today, to the coalition of scientists working with the UN’s Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change (IPCC). These experts are convinced the Earth’s temperature will continue to rise unless greenhouse gas emissions are reduced, and that the consequences otherwise will be disastrous. “Nonsense” is again the response from naysayers.

One of the loudest of these naysayers is James Delingpole, the British journalist who now writes for the ultraconservative Breitbart News (home of White House chief strategist Steve Bannon before he joined Team Trump). Delingpole is the hack who takes credit for popularizing the term “Climategate,” in regards to the emails leaked from the University of East Anglia’s Climate Research Unit (CRU).

You might remember this phony scandal: Late in 2009, hundreds of private email messages between CRU scientists were stolen and made public. Delingpole and other critics of climate science seized on the documents as examples of a conspiracy. News of the leak broke just before a UN climate summit in Copenhagen; in other words, it was timed to embarrass scientists, politicians, and activists calling for international policies to reduce human-caused climate change.

“[The emails] show quite clearly that the scientists at the CRU were trying to skew the data to a particular end,” Delingpole told me. He points to one in particular that refers to “Mike’s trick…to hide the decline” of recorded temperatures. The email is from Phil Jones, CRU director at the time, and the “Mike” he refers to is Michael Mann, Distinguished Professor of Meteorology and director of the Earth System Science Center at Pennsylvania State University.

Mann is famous for developing the so-called hockey-stick graph, the diagram that illustrates the sudden increase in global temperatures we’re now experiencing. Delingpole insists that Jones, Mann, and other scientists who’ve come to catastrophic conclusions about global warming manipulate data to support their theories in order to generate research funding and build their professional reputations.

Dr. Mann dismisses such charges as desperate attempts by climate change skeptics and deniers to “cherry pick”

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / LIUKOV

fragments of informal chatter among colleagues in an effort to debunk established scientific conclusions. “It’s very easy to take thousands of personal emails, private correspondences between scientists, and mine them, as the attackers have, for individual words or phrases that can be taken out of context,” Mann told me not long after his correspondence was stolen.

He explains his “trick” and its goal to “hide the decline” as standard operating procedure. “Scientists and mathematicians use the term ‘trick’ to refer to a convenient or clever way of solving a problem,” he said. “To imply otherwise is to misrepresent what was being said, to take advantage of a term that means something different in scientific lingo from what it might seem to those not familiar with that lingo.”

For his part, Phil Jones, author of that damaging “hide the decline” email, admits poor judgment, but not flawed science. “Some of the emails probably had poorly chosen words and were sent in the heat of the moment, when I was frustrated,” Dr. Jones said as his critics called for his resignation. “I would never manipulate the data one bit.”

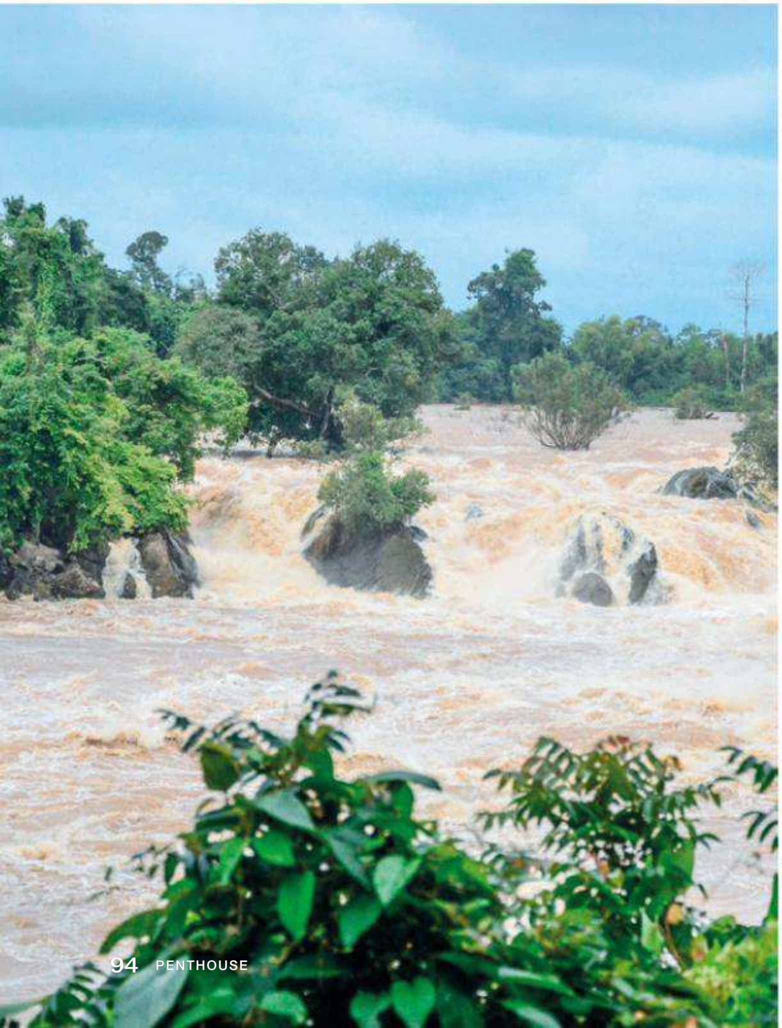
Enter Dr. Tim Ball, a retired University of Winnipeg climatology professor and prolific anthropogenic (human-caused) global warming theory denier. He claims that carbon dioxide is not the problem. “It’s not causing climate change,” he told me. “It never did. It never will.” Not that he denies climate change. “It’s always gone on and it always will go on.” But he discounts human behavior as a significant contributing factor. In the leaked CRU emails, however, he sees malicious intent. “Unless you know the science, you could look at some of those emails as relatively innocent.” He rejects Mann’s assertion that the emails have been cherry-picked for out-of-context statements. “The criminality is so obvious in deliberately leaving out data, in deliberately adding in data to achieve the result you want.”

But contrarians like Dr. Ball are without credibility from Mann’s point of view, because they critique his work without performing their own. “If he really believed the basic science behind climate change was fundamentally flawed, that climate change is some massive hoax,” Mann said, “then he and his colleagues would be publishing evidence to support those claims in the mainstream scientific literature. If what they’re saying is true, it would be so profound that it would certainly merit publication in the leading journals of the world.”

Nonetheless, Ball is not alone in making what are essentially baseless repudiations, and several high-profile popular figures with no climatology training continue to question the conclusions of established experts like Mann. And because of their celebrity status, the deniers’ opinions are publicized and they gain followers.

John Mackey, cofounder and CEO of Whole Foods, weighed in on the debate by insisting that “no scientific consensus exists” regarding anthropogenic global warming, and worries that “hysteria about global warming” will result in increased regulations and taxes. Mackey points to *Heaven and Earth,* a book written by Australian mining professor Ian Plimer, as his global warming primer. “If there are indeed human-induced climate changes,” writes Plimer, a geologist with no climate science experience, “then we are unable to separate them from natural variability.” Plimer, like Mackey, fears government reactions to global warming predictions will result in policy changes that inhibit freedom and dilute individual wealth.

The late Michael Crichton was another global warming denier. His novel *State of Fear* (heartily endorsed by Oklahoma senator Inhofe) is a typical fast-paced Crichton thriller, but carries an



"Author's Message" at the back of the book: "Nobody knows how much of the present warming trend might be man-made." Former president George W. Bush embraced the novel and invited the author to the White House for a chat about their shared opinions on climate change. Crichton faulted funding mechanisms that he insisted—without convincing evidence—create incentives for manipulating scientific studies. "Scientists know that continued funding depends on delivering the results the funders desire," he wrote.

Michael Mann charges that Winnipeg's Tim Ball is a prime example of such corruption, beholden to the polluting energy companies. "I see him acting as a paid advocate of the fossil fuel industry," Mann says.

"That's an absolute falsehood," claims Ball. "I have never received a nickel from any energy company. That's part of the smear campaign." Ball points back to Mann and other scientists receiving government grants, who, he says, get such funding because they generate conclusions that support government policy goals.

Another anthropogenic global warming skeptic is Eduardo Zorita, a climate scientist at the GKSS Research Center in Germany. After the email debacle at CRU, Zorita called on the Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change to preclude Mann and Jones from further involvement in IPCC climate study work. "They tried to block studies from groups that did not agree with them," says Dr. Zorita, "and one of those groups was our[s]." He charges the scientists with pushing their own agenda, with a lack of objectivity, and with a prejudice against studies that contradicted their own conclusions about climate—and he says that the intercepted email traffic proves his claims.

**MEANWHILE, POLAR ICE COLLAPSES AND RAGING WILDFIRES DESTROY FORESTS AS HEAT RECORDS ARE BROKEN YEAR AFTER YEAR.**

Dr. Mann claims Zorita's charges are really just sour grapes. "When something like [the email leak] happens there is inevitably those who are going to try to exploit this to settle a score," Mann said. "He attacked our work in an article in *Science* some years ago and we showed his attacks were incorrect."

But Zorita insists that Mann and his colleagues conspired to keep Zorita's work out of prestigious academic publications. "This is very clear from the emails," he said. "Mann tried to influence [peer] reviewers and this is, in science, very, very unethical behavior. Climate science has been politicized, so everything one says can be used or misused." According to Zorita, Mann tried to marginalize his work because Zorita criticized his hockey-stick graph.

The charges and countercharges are relentless, juvenile even, and they seethe with rancor. Meanwhile, polar ice collapses and raging wildfires destroy forests as heat records are broken year after year.

"Scientists themselves are not great communicators," Aaron Huertas, former spokesman for the Union of Concerned Scientists, said to me after Climategate broke, pointing out that many contrarians do not have a science background. "Because they're not scientists and don't know the evidence on an intimate level, they can spout off and say things that sound good even though they're not true. Actual climate scientists don't like stating things in flat certain terms. They want to tell you how the evidence is weighed one way or the other. It's hard for people to understand. It's much easier to understand an articulate person who is willing to make stuff up and play fast and loose with the facts. That person can sound much more appealing than your average scientist."

Continued Huertas: "Six percent of the American public does believe the moon landing was faked. If you check the websites of the people who believe that, they're doing the same thing with climate science. These contrarians are really dangerous. It's just as dangerous as the tobacco company folks who were out there saying smoking doesn't cause lung cancer. We can't make informed decisions in a democracy without good information. A lot of the information about climate change that these guys are putting out is bad."

Which brings us back to Breitbart writer James Delingpole. "Yuck," Mann said when I brought up his name. "Delingpole and Christopher Booker [another British journalist who calls climate change "the worst scientific scandal of our generation"] are so far off in the wacky extreme that nobody believes them except the readers of their wacky columns. At least I'd like to believe that to be true. Serious people are mostly disregarding their rantings."

Mann characterizes Delingpole's attacks as ugly and dangerous, rabble-rousing that is appealing to a public that too often fails to study important issues and simply listens to compelling arguments. "The very same people that we saw on television during town hall meetings shouting down politicians," Mann said, "are the people the contrarian climate change movement is now turning on us. They are exploiting that unreason and discontent and turning it on the climate science community. To me, that is what is so chilling and scary."

Scientist Mann and writer Delingpole do agree that circumstances are dire, albeit for very different reasons.

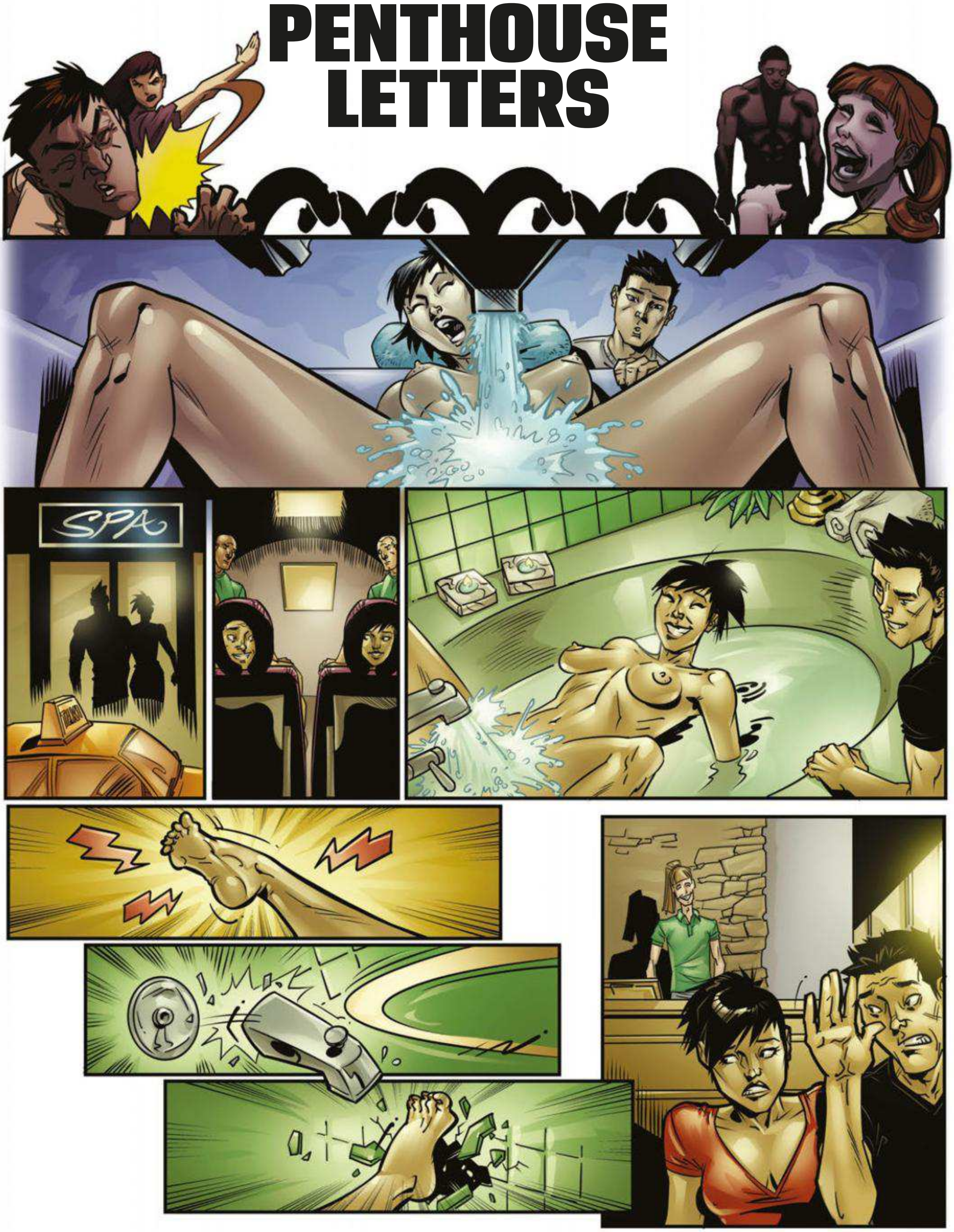
"For me," said Delingpole, "this is by far the most important story of our lifetime. There has never been an occasion in history where governments have been united to create this system whereby the public is fleeced through green taxes and green regulations. The actions being taken in the name of combating global warming are threatening the world with economic disaster."

"Fox, meet henhouse," Dr. Mann wrote in a *Washington Post* op-ed last December, when Scott Pruitt was picked to lead the EPA. He expresses worry that "four (possibly eight) years of denial and delay might commit the planet to not just feet, but yards, of sea level rise, massive coastal flooding (made worse by more frequent Katrina and Sandy-like storms), historic deluges, and summer after summer of devastating heat and drought across the country."

President Trump could try to tweet his way out of the nightmare of climate change. But he wouldn't succeed. And if he is incapable of reversing his opposition to established science, he runs the risk of being most remembered not for making America great again, but for following Mark Twain's dictum and not doing anything about the weather.

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / TOP: BERNHARD STAEHLI / BOTTOM LEFT: BABYFRUITY / BOTTOM RIGHT: BABYFRUITY

# THE BEST OF THE WORST OF
# PENTHOUSE LETTERS



ILLUSTRATIONS BY JASON JOHNSON

# HOLE-IN-THE-WALL

DEAR *Penthouse,*

My super sexy wife Michelle loves to get off in the bathtub, using only the ferocious stream of water blasting from the faucet. On any given weekend, we have at least one tub moment where she straddles and rides the wave of water all the way home. We call these moments “the Plumber.”

I watch. And I always begin to salivate for her clean, pink pussy that’ll taste so sweet and feel so creamy when she finishes. Sometimes, I bend over the side of the tub and suck on her nipples while she gushes. There’s nothing that makes my cock harder, faster. Nothing.

Michelle and I live in a great prewar apartment in Koreatown, and our water pressure is fucking phenomenal. My honey climaxes fiercely within a minute of pushing her juicy cunt up into the shooting stream, and then dissolves herself into the hot water. It is so elemental. Afterward we get down to serious sessions of fucking—it’s as if the waterplay makes her even tighter and juicier, more electric. I love to see her body stretched out on the floor or the bed, wherever we happen to be, with her toes curled up and her clit big, round, and pulsating.

For Michelle’s 35th birthday this year, I thought I’d surprise her with a trip to a spa where we could have massages and a private bath, and where I could grease up my member with her sweet stuff. She was thrilled when our taxi dropped us off at the new West Hollywood spa and juice bar, a place she’d always wanted to go.

First up were two phenomenal massages. Afterward, relaxed and blissed out, we got our own private room with a sunken tub, candles, and an unfortunate pan flute soundtrack we could have lived without.

As I expected, Michelle immediately got herself into position over the tub’s faucet, which thankfully had water pressure that rivaled ours. She rode that shit like a champ, and all was going as planned until she came like never before and her left foot cramped. As I watched in horror, she pulled the hot water faucet straight off of the valve and banged her other foot through the cheap-ass tiling. Thankfully I caught her as she fell back into the huge tub, but now there was a gaping hole in the wall, straight through to the tub room adjacent ours (which, miracle of miracles, was unoccupied at the time).

Fuck me! How in the world would we explain this? Not sure what else to do, I stuck a rolled-up towel in the space where the plaster had crumbled and we jammed the faucet knob back on the valve, which was completely stripped. MacGyver to the rescue! We still had 30 minutes left to our session, but neither one of us wanted to hang around the scene of the crime.

At checkout, I casually mentioned that the faucet in our room was extremely loose. They told me not to worry, as they had a great plumber on staff.

*—Kevin C., Los Angeles, California*

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# ODE TO A PEACH COBBLER

A single look, a breath, a stutter,
Made Dani's heart go all aflutter.
While Rilynn lowered down her butt, her
Mind spilled out into the gutter.
And we just watch, and tug, and sputter....

**Photography: Chad Lee**

**SEE MORE OF DANI & RILYNN AT PENTHOUSE.COM**

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# HOT LINES

## BY LEAH MCSWEENEY

**NEW ADDICTION**
*Hi Leah, I've been drinking on and off for a while, and I recently decided I needed to stop, for myself and the people around me. Every time I stop, though, I either overeat or smoke cigarettes excessively. How can I quit drinking without overcompensating with something else?*

Fellow Addict, I totally feel your pain. I did the same thing when I first quit drinking. It's a BITCH. But in the long run it's worth it. I promise. Don't beat yourself up for eating and smoking a lot. It's better then being black-out drunk and beating up your sister with a blow dryer (sorry Sarah, I love you). Here's the thing: Once an addict, always an addict. We are excessive people. We live in the extreme. You need to accept that and make it work for you. It's not easy being an addict, but what if you got addicted to something that was good for you? A lot of sober people end up being marathon runners, martial arts masters, starting companies, finding new passions, etc. You need to take that wild energy you have inside you and move it toward positivity. I think you should sign up for a few different types of classes and see what draws you in. There's a whole world of possibilities waiting for you. It's dope. Trust. I'm rooting for you.

**NOT ALL WRITE**
*Hi Leah, I don't know you personally, but I've listened to your podcast and I want to collaborate creatively with you. I'm a writer and clearly impulsive, so contact me if you don't think I'm a complete psychopath so we can talk about some possibilities.*

Okay, I have no idea what this email means. What does "collaborate creatively" mean? What kind of possibilities!? For a writer, you write terrible emails with no details. No offense.

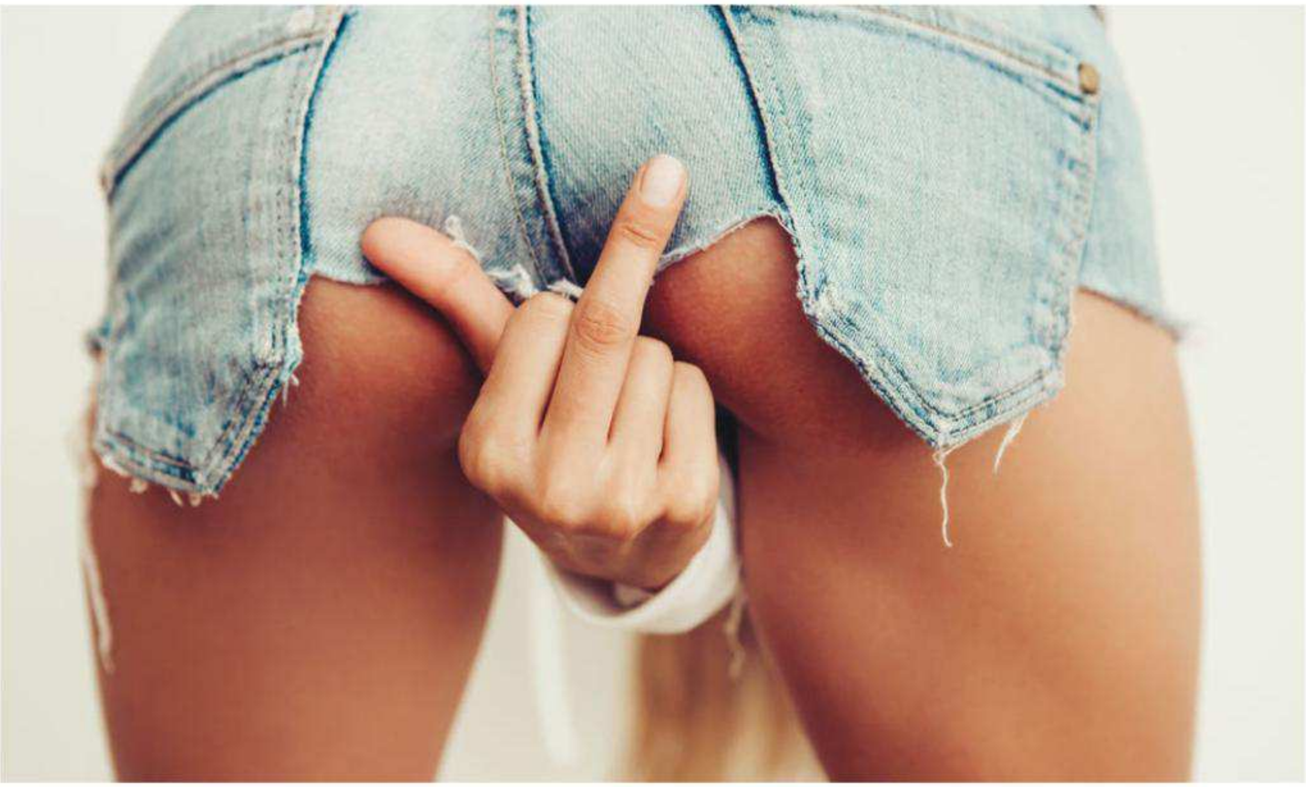
**WHAT A DICK**
*Please Leah, can you rate my dick from one to ten? Also, is there anything I can tell women to make them wet?*

Alright, I checked your dick pic out. It's way too big for me, that's for sure. The shape is a little off. I would give it a six. But hey, another girl might give it a ten.

As for getting a woman wet…it's more about touch, less about talk. I don't think there's much a man could say that would get me wet.

**TRENDHUMPER**
*'Sup Leah. Lately, I've been so discouraged and unmotivated. I decided to dabble in photography once my boyfriend started getting more into music. He became my muse and it was fun, but then he started taking pictures of his friends and musicians. He got a lot more likes than me, and whenever I would tell him my ideas he would turn around and do something similar. A few of my friends started doing photography now, too, and it just feels like a trend at this point. I've decided to hire a personal trainer because I'm just not happy with how I look and I'm hoping that helps how I feel on camera. But yeah, I'm just a 27-year-old girl who's sad about not finding her role in the world. I'm creative and funny and I want to do so much! I took my civil service test three years ago and got called for a corrections job, but turned it down. It would've been a pay cut from what I do now, and when I went to the prison tour I was the youngest person there. I'm truly seeking inspiration to find out what my purpose is. It makes me sad, considering my age and not having figured it out yet. Sorry if this is boring. Never really told anyone this. Thanks for listening.*

You are right…being a photographer is a trend these days. And mostly anyone can do it. But it takes an artist to capture moments. If you are a real artist don't be discouraged and don't stop taking photos. Also, your boyfriend sounds like a douche for biting your ideas. Tell him to get some originality. Wack! And it's normal to not feel inspired all the time. We simply can't be. If we were, then when we came up with really creative stuff it wouldn't be special. I go through dry spells all the time where I don't feel inspired. But I have a different approach to it: I say my creativity is resting. It's recharging. It can't be on all the time. Twenty-seven is still young, but it's also a very pivotal year. I say you need to make some decisions at this age and stick to them. Either go full steam ahead with photography or go with the corrections job. Twenty-seven is a very important age where we make at least one big decision that changes the course of our life.



> **YOU'RE JUST STAYING WITH THIS CHICK AND WASTING HER TIME BECAUSE YOU THINK YOU'RE A GREAT STEPDAD? GIVE ME A FUCKIN' BREAK, DUDE.**

No pressure! I know you'll make the right one.

**STRAPPED**
*Leah, I've been dating my GF for about four months. So it's pretty new and we're still getting to know each other. Sex is really good and she's not an amateur, neither am I, so we're both open and have a lot of fun in bed. She's the first girl I've been with in a while that I feel maybe I can tell my fantasy and she'll be down to fulfill it. But I'm scared it's going to turn her off and she'll leave me. I have always fantasized about a girl using a strap-on, and yes I'm a male. I'm 36, I'm not gay, nor do I have any desires to be with a man. I just have a fantasy about a woman totally dominating me like this. What do I do? Do I go for it and let her know? Or keep it a fantasy in my head? Please help!*

This is a very taboo subject, I'm glad you're bringing this up. Personally, I've never had a BF ask me to do this, but I did have a boyfriend who wanted me to put a finger up there nonstop. And he is the least-gay guy I know. A lot of people aren't sexually open. They don't understand that, gay or not, there are pleasure points inside your ass. But this sounds like it's about power and S&M. If you feel very comfortable with her, just bring it up. Honesty is the best policy. At the end of the day, you want a partner who can fulfill your needs, and that includes sexual needs, or you will go elsewhere to get them met. And believe me, there are a lot of Doms waiting to get paid to do you in the butt with a strap-on. So I say talk to her about it, ask if she's ever done it before? Maybe watch some porn and bring it up. I think you'll know when the time is right. If she is weirded out, don't be surprised. As I mentioned before, this is a taboo subject. She might get uncomfortable at first, but explain why it turns you on. She might be thrilled! Good luck.

**STEPDOUCHE**
*I've been dating my girlfriend for a year and a half. She has a child. For the past six months or so, I've wanted to break up with her, but I don't want to upset her kid. It's not like the dad isn't around, but I've grown attached to her daughter and I feel bad leaving. What do I do?*

The world sucks because of men like you. You sound like a total narcissist. What makes you think that the child even gives a shit about you? Are you a better dad than her actual father? Probably not. So you're just staying with this chick and wasting her time because you think you're a great stepdad? Give me a fuckin' break, dude. As a mom, this question annoys the shit out of me. Can you tell? Your girlfriend can take care of her child without you. She doesn't need you playing Captain Save-a-Bitch. She'll be fine and so will her kid. Please be honest with her and bounce. And next time, think a little harder before you date a woman with a child.

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / NIKKOLIA

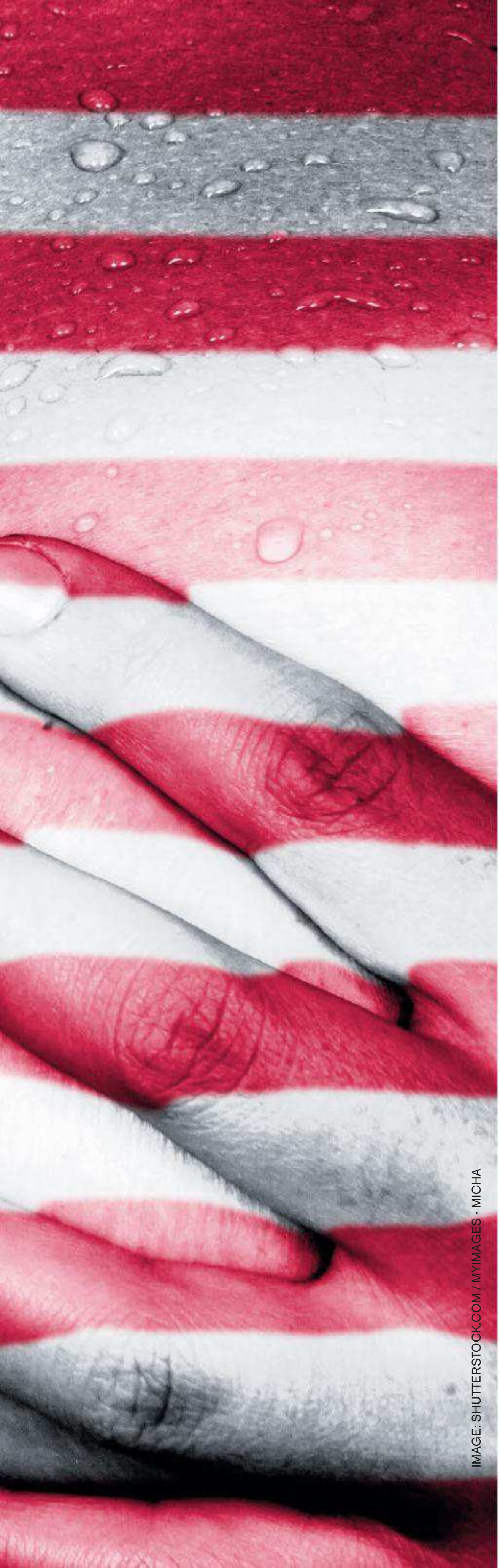


IMAGE: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / MYIMAGES - MICHA

EMBRACE THE SUCK

# KEEP OUR HONOR CLEAN

### BY MATT GALLAGHER

SOMETIMES in the fog of peacetime you commit unspeakable acts of privacy violation against your fellow soldiers."

Headline from *The Onion*? Yes, indeed. Does the satirical bent there get to the heart of a scandal so wretched it's hard to fathom those perpetuating it ever swore an oath to our country? Also yes.

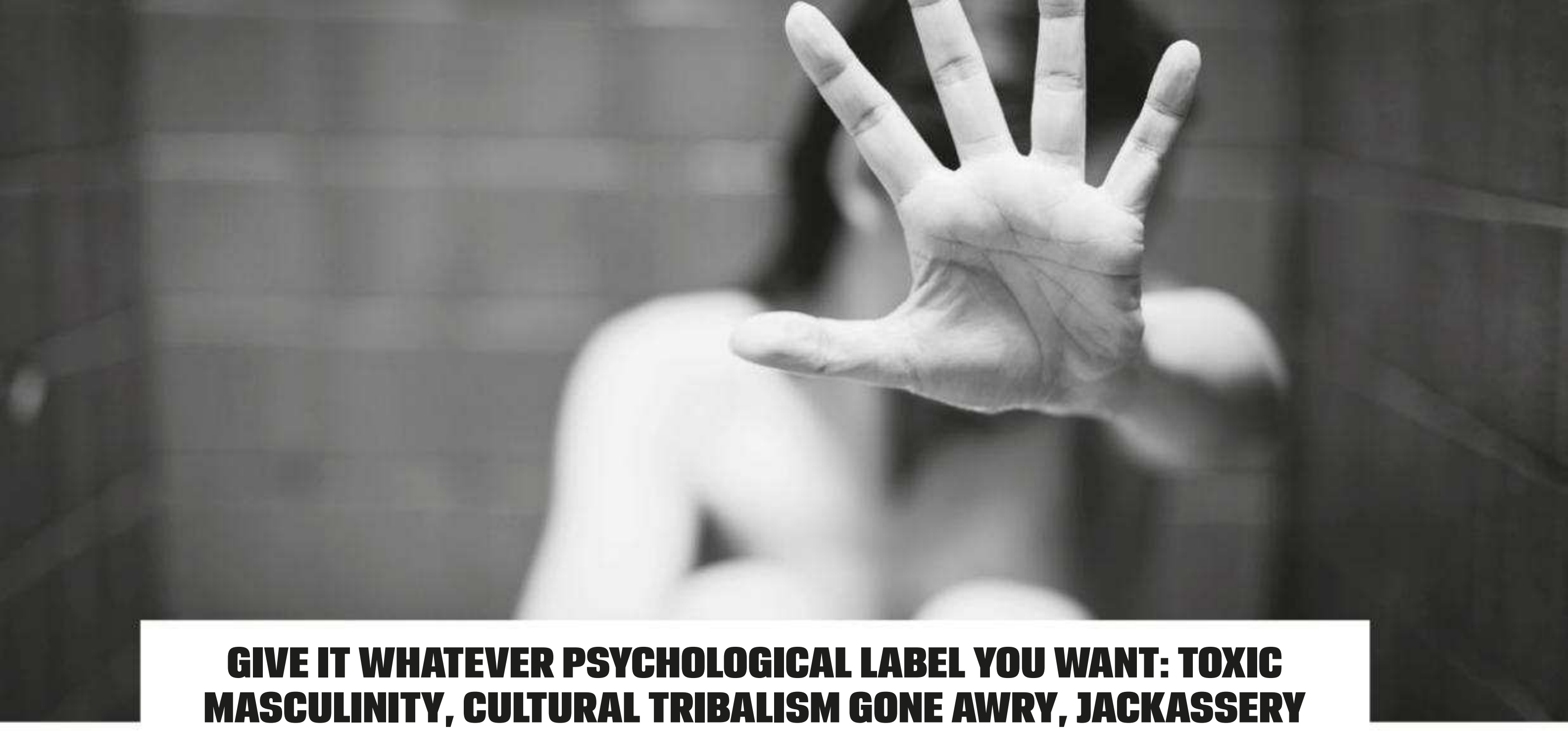
The Marine nude photo scandal has proven to be a hydra in the already crowded news cycles of 2017. Just when you think it's over and done with, another element of the scandal emerges, leading to another story, which in turn leads to more callouts by those involved before they disappear again into the tangles of the internet. It's a shitshow, and none of it's good for our beloved U.S. Marine Corps.

First, a quick refresher on how we got here: For a couple years, various social media groups made up of active-duty servicemembers and recent veterans (like the most infamous one, Marines United on Facebook) have been swapping nude photos of exes. Some of these exes are servicemembers or vets themselves, and a sort of perv-hunt mentality took hold: "Hey, does anyone have photos of Lance Corporal Y? She's hot and stationed at Twentynine Palms, and the only chance I'll ever have to see her naked is this online forum!" Etcetera etcetera. (No, we're not exactly dealing with the alpha dogs here, despite their desperate attempts to appear as such.)

Oh, and I'd be remiss if I didn't mention that these fellow Marines and servicemembers were being referred to as "wooks." Lol? Or something.

Defenders of Marines United and its follow-up groups—well, not defenders, exactly, more like apologists—employ the timeless "boys will be boys" logic. Which exists, sure, but like anything else it has its strict limits. I've been in locker rooms. I spent many of my college years in a frat house. My four years in the Army and my fifteen months in Iraq were spent entirely in all-male cavalry and infantry units. I know well and understand "boys will be boys." Even under the laxest understanding of that concept, trading nudes of (again) FELLOW MARINES AND SERVICEMEMBERS does not qualify. Not even close.

Not trying to be Mister Woke here or anything. But for fuck's sake. The first lesson I got going into the military was: Don't be a



**GIVE IT WHATEVER PSYCHOLOGICAL LABEL YOU WANT: TOXIC MASCULINITY, CULTURAL TRIBALISM GONE AWRY, JACKASSERY CARRIED OUT BY JACKASSES. REVENGE PORN IS A CRIME.**

douchebag. And I know that's still common wisdom for young guns heading off to basic training and officer candidate school.

Reading through the social media sites and the media interviews with admins and members of those sites, there's a real sense of empty self-pity and deep self-involvement. They've pointed to the groups' support systems and antisuicide work for the reasoning behind the groups' existence. Which, yes, is swell and a testament to outreach efforts in the digital era. But those things could happen without the vile photo-swapping. Everything about this is awful and repulsive, and not unrelated to the entitlement mentality pervasive in veterans culture. There's "Us," conveys these groups. And then there's "Them." Included in "Them" are civilians we've sworn to serve and protect, and (yes, again) fellow Marines and servicemembers.

Selfless service. A military value that's been eroded by sixteen years of perpetual warfare and yellow-ribbon patriotism. And something these fucking jackalopes would be wise to revisit before they talk to another journalist.

Give it whatever psychological label you want: toxic masculinity, cultural tribalism gone awry, jackassery carried out by jackasses. Revenge porn is a crime. And further, these Marines and vets have dishonored the services, at the expense of their (yes, yet again) fellow Marines and servicemembers. As a Marine vet friend of mine recently said over beers while discussing it all, "What don't these assholes not understand? *Keep our honor clean.*" (A reference to the Marines' Hymn.)

Which brings me to solutions. The military is a top-down bureaucracy, so it's understandable enough for outsiders and citizens to be looking at the Pentagon brass and saying, "WTF? Fix this."

But if the Congressional hearing in March addressing this scandal revealed anything, it's that a top-down approach probably isn't going to work. Critics accused General Robert Neller, Commandant of the Marines, and other leaders of being dismissive and/or unresponsive at the hearing. That wasn't my takeaway from it, though. They just seemed like overwhelmed olds, flabbergasted at every part of this—the photos themselves, that people would share those photos, that groups would be formed to helped share photos, and so on.

It's a brave new world. If you haven't had the dick-pic/boob-shot conversation with your Baby Boomer parents or friends…well, I can't say that I recommend it, exactly, but it can serve as a good reminder of how much technology shapes what we consider "normal."

Anyhow. Back to solutions.

A striking thing about all this is *how* the scandal has come out into the open. It's been young Marine veterans turned journalists—such as Brian Adam Jones of Task & Purpose, Thomas Brennan of The War Horse, and James LaPorta of The Daily Beast—who've outed the groups and some of the individuals involved. Marines taking it upon themselves to clean up their Corps. This has led to unfortunate (albeit predictable) trolling backlash, including threats against Brennan's wife and daughter. Threatening the family of an infantry Marine vet with a Purple Heart earned in combat—what does it take to get a person to that level of pathetic madness?

Jones's reporting suggested a theory. A couple years ago, before this made national news via Marines United, Jones came upon Marines and vets time and time again who presented themselves as decorated grunts but who'd actually spent their time in uniform as support. POGs, REMFs, fobbits, and so on. The mockery of the support branches is way overblown—after all, the infantry wouldn't last a day without those support units bringing home the logistics and firepower—but it is rather revealing of these individuals' mindsets. Why present yourself as the "Tip of the Spear" when you were anything but?

Posers, man. And in some cases, the very same posers desperate to make it seem like women Marines aren't their fellow Marines, but "wooks." Clown-shoes, the lot of 'em. Maybe if they'd spent as much time focusing on bettering themselves and their units as they are trying to be able to keep swapping photos of women better than them, they'd have done something with their time in service actually worth crowing about.

Alas, they didn't. And now they're trying to dirty up the Corps on their ways out. Spoiler alert: That ain't gonna happen.

I don't know when this'll end. But I do know how. It's going to take a holistic flushing-out of these fools, a bottom-up approach that'll involve lance corporals as much as it does generals. But it's going to happen, and when it does, the Marines and all the military branches will be the better for it. Keeping the honor clean, one fireteam at a time.

IMAGE: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / 271 EAK MOTO

TWO'S COMPANY, THREE'S A GREAT TIME.

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CABERNET SAUVIGNON

# MOUNT VEEDER MAGIC VINEYARDS

## 2013 CABERNET SAUVIGNON

### BY RAPHIE ARONOWITZ

MY life is basically just a string of questionable decisions. Some have worked out astonishingly well, while others…not so much. Speaking of not so much, for a brief moment in time, I found myself with a job in the apparel industry. Okay, it was 13 years of hard labor in men's streetwear fashion, but time flew the fuck by. Apparently I have a surprisingly high tolerance for shitbaggery when I'm on drugs and the money's right (which I believe is close to the actual definition of the word "sellout," but I digress).

In those 13 years, in an industry that attracts some truly horrible human beings, there was one person in particular who was a real standout. And even though many would benefit from knowing who he is, I will not name names for fear that he will sue the living shit out of me (again, see definition of "sellout"). Aside from the run-of-the-mill lying, cheating, and stealing, the frivolous lawsuits and questionable hiring and firing practices, he had one philosophy in particular that rubbed me the wrong way. You see, this guy would purposely create stress in his organization to force his employees into a near-constant state of duress. His reasoning was that many of the best ideas are created because of pressure and discomfort. Some bastardization of the Einstein quote, "Great spirits have always encountered violent opposition from mediocre minds." Or was it Mary Shelley's musing about how invention comes from chaos? Fuck if I can remember, but it was a misery for everyone who worked there.

**ONE OF THE GREATEST THINGS I'VE EVER TASTED JUST PROVED ONE OF THE WORST PEOPLE I'VE EVER ENCOUNTERED RIGHT… AT LEAST WHEN IT COMES TO GRAPE FARMING.**

Turns out, he may have been onto something.

Flash-forward to a few days ago. I get a call from Karen Crouse, owner of Mount Veeder Magic Vineyards, one of the most exclusive vineyards in Napa, California. She wants me to try her wine. More wine? Why not. Anything to help get me through the long days cavorting with beautiful women and popping experimental boner pills (don't ask). But before she overnighted it to me, she asked what the weather was like. Huh? I'm fine with the occasional small talk, but even I found this to be strange. I live in Southern California–it's either warm or hot. "Got it. I'll throw in a few ice packs," she said. "Just in case."

Karen doesn't just grow the grapes and make the wine. She mothers them. From vine to barrel to bottle to shipping, these are her babies, and she takes great care to ensure that the quality is worthy of the Mount Veeder Magic Vineyards name.

But Karen doesn't sell her investment-grade wine by the bottle. She sells it by the barrel's worth (288 bottles!), dealing exclusively with high-net-worth individuals who are looking for something special. Something rare. Together, Crouse and her clients create a completely bespoke, not-to-be-sold-anywhere, personalized wine collection complete with custom names and labels. A bottle of wine from the Mount Veeder appellation, tucked away in the Mayacamas Mountains overlooking Napa Valley, is about as special as wine gets, and Mount Veeder Magic Vineyards ship these lucky (and wealthy) bastards about 24 cases of them.

Okay, I'm beyond intrigued–I can't fucking wait. Eighteen painfully long hours later, I'm ripping into the package, rummaging through my desk drawers for a corkscrew, and popping bottles like I'm T.I. The wine is divine–smooth and rich, like drinking clean, fertile earth mixed with fruit, a hint of spice, and a tease of smoked oak. By my second glass (about 20 minutes later), the wine had mellowed considerably, allowing my primordial cave-bro palate to experience bursts of new flavors–currants and flowers, vanilla and perfume. Wow! Had Karen sold her soul to the devil?

The Mount Veeder appellation is one of the most treacherous places for grapes to grow (and harvesting them…by hand… at night…is a whole other story). The hillside is so steep and the growing conditions so challenging that only the strongest grapes survive–the grapes that truly want to be there. The grapes bursting with a full-bodied grapiness that only the most stressful of growing conditions can evoke. Hmmmm. What does this remind me of? Stress as a precursor to something truly special….

Fuck. One of the greatest things I've ever tasted just proved one of the worst people I've ever encountered right…at least when it comes to grape farming. The good news is that I didn't have to pine over this realization for too long, because by my third glass I had a nice, warm buzz that made me feel like everything was going to be okay. By my fourth glass, I started blasting music in my office and got lost in the internet, searching for the most disgusting fetishes I could find. (Never Google "belonephilia." You've been warned.)

**Mount Veeder Magic Vineyards, 2013 Cabernet Sauvignon**
**$25,000/24 cases** mountveedermagic.com

PHOTO: MO REESE

# CURIOUSER AND CURIOUSER

CyberCutie Marley Love has a passion for experiencing new things and seeing what she can get away with. Can she give her boyfriend a handjob on a crowded commercial flight? Yes, she can! How about sex on a hammock at an outdoor music festival? Yup, she can do that, too! And now Marley is really cutting loose in the kitchen, shedding her clothing and using her apron improperly. We're not sure what she's trying to prove here, but we're not complaining.

**Photography: TommyO**

**Vital Stats:**

32-25-37 | 5'7" | 22 years old

**Hometown:** Mitchell, Illinois

**I hear you've had some pretty strange requests in your chat room.**

The craziest was when someone who was trolling my room tipped me thousands of tokens to get my attention. Then he asked me to put a turban on my head and write "Isis" on my tits.

**Yeah, I'll just go ahead and assume you didn't honor that one.**

No, but I did when someone requested a hula-hoop come show.

**A wha…?**

Hula-hooping while doing a dildo come show. I was working the dildo while hula-hooping with my foot.

**Wow. Were you able to come?**

I did! It took about 20 minutes and a lot of concentration. I have strong legs. I was pretty light-headed from the come-euphoria, but my legs were fine. My brain hurt more than anything.

**Is hula-hooping a recurring theme?**

It is. Burlesque-style dancing, hula-hooping, and my glorious toys.

*Check out Marley's live shows daily at* ***Chaturbate.com/chroniclove or see more at Penthouse.com***

# BEN WA BALLER

THEY say your thirties are your sexual prime if you're a woman. Well, I never really understood this until I had my first orgasm at thirty-two.

I've never had problems attracting men (happens every morning on my two-block hike past the scaffolds of whistling construction workers in New York), but usually it takes a while before I relax with someone, and I'm relatively inexperienced. I didn't mess around with a single guy in high school and didn't lose my virginity until I was nineteen.

When I finally had sex, my nineteen-year-old brain was functioning in an amorous pink haze, telling me I'd be with this guy forever. Nope. And eventually I discovered there was a lot more to sex than missionary position and getting lost in your lover's eyes. There was a whole universe of carnal desires and activities out there, one that had me raising an eyebrow toward things inserted into various places.

Now, two years into my thirties, my sex-toy box is starting to fill up, thanks to Matt, my boyfriend of seven months, a handsome investment banker. His last girlfriend was non-adventurous, insecure, and insisted on having the lights off during sex. But I guess she was beautiful and otherwise fun and they were together a while, despite the vanilla sex and lights-off rule.

Anyway, I'm his girlfriend now. Perhaps it's his crunching numbers all day, but oftentimes when Matt comes home the first thing on the menu has nothing to do with food. During our first few dates, he told me he was a sexual person, but only in the past few weeks have I really begun to see what he was talking about.

One recent weekend we were driving outside the city and passed a sex shop, complete with a flashing purple neon sign. We looked at each other, kind of laughing, and next thing we knew we were walking into the place, feeling self-conscious but curious to see what it had to offer. The store was full of neon-colored merchandise on the walls, including gigantic dildos. Walking away from the schlong section, we went down a nearby aisle and Matt grabbed a toy I'd never seen before.

Back home that night, after dinner and a couple of drinks, we were naked on the floor of Matt's apartment with two glass balls between us. Ben Wa balls they were called. The package said they heightened orgasm and strengthened the vaginal muscles. Matt was excited to try them out, and I was game, too, so I lay back, spread my legs, and felt Matt slip one of them into my wet pussy. Contracting my muscles, I squeezed the ball and felt it come to rest inside me.

Matt reached between my legs again and I felt his finger slide into my ass. He'd never done that before. By now my pussy was getting really wet and I was waiting for the second ball. Using his other hand, Matt then eased it inside me and I felt a wave of pleasure. After a moment he asked me to stand up. That's when I really felt something.

**AS I STARTED ROCKING BACK AND FORTH, I FELT SOMETHING BUILDING DEEP INSIDE ME.**

"Oh babe," I moaned, "this is…this is just—wow." The weight of the balls inside me was hot as fuck. One pressed against my clit and the other was deeper in, and each time I tightened my pussy I could feel the balls move around.

I looked over at Matt and he was rock-hard. He stepped behind me, put his hands on my back to gently bend me over, and slowly pushed his cock into my ass. I'd never done anal before, and a moan of pleasure mixed with pain escaped me. The motion of his dick created movement by the balls in my pussy, and once I adjusted to all the new sensations, it felt fantastic.

"Oh baby," he whispered, his cock sliding deep inside me, hands on my hips, his breathing heavy.

We moved to a chair where I sat on Matt, riding him reverse cowgirl, his dick in my ass, the Ben Wa balls moving around inside me, slippery and hot. With Matt's hands pulling my nipples, I felt a wave of heat come over me. As I started rocking back and forth, I felt something building deep inside me. A wave of tingles… dizziness…building…intensifying.

My breath shortened, my body tensed up, and I felt myself clawing Matt's thighs. Suddenly I threw my head back, howled with pleasure, and clenched so hard that one of the glass balls shot out of me.

"Whoa, babe," Matt said.

"Oh my god, I just had an orgasm."

After riding that long wave of ecstasy in Matt's arms, I walked over to the glass ball and picked it up. It was still wet from my juices. I never thought I could orgasm at all, let alone from backdoor action, but now I stood there wondering what other things I'd be discovering in my thirties, a woman's sexual prime.

***—Meghan S., New York, New York***

# MEAT MARKET

HAVE you ever worked at a big chain grocery store? Take my word for it, it sucks. Employees clique out like in high school. The deli team sticks together, the pharmacy staff acts above everyone else, the baggers are mostly dudes in some type of program, and the cashiers are almost always women—either your grandmother's age or super young and hot. There was one cashier in particular named Jessi whom I fantasized about on the regular.

Jessi was a few years older than me with long black hair and piercing blue eyes that looked like they belonged on a wolf. She never wore makeup

**SHE WORKED MY POLE WET AND PERFECTLY, ONLY STOPPING TO SLAP IT AGAINST THE SIDE OF HER CHEEK, LOOK UP, AND SMILE AT ME.**

and pulled her hair up into a giant, bawdy bun on top of her head. She had a juicy, heart-shaped ass that looked amazing even in our dorky work uniforms. She was impossibly pale, and spent her 15-minute breaks chain-smoking menthols out back where most of us produce guys congregated when there was little work to be done.

Jessi was friendly to me, often sharing cigarettes, but I was intimidated by her. She would make little jokes, or ask me questions, and I'd fumble for an answer like it was my first time speaking English. I couldn't help it. She was unreal. It was like her body had been cast out of plasticine. Curvy and slender in all the right places.

My coworker Dave always hit on Jessi. But when she laughed at his lame jokes, we could all tell it was forced. Dave would brag about how he was going to fuck her at the staff Christmas party. He was convinced he had it in the bag, and would talk about it nonstop. We all nodded, laughed, and silently agreed through eye rolls that he would never land her.

We had two staff parties: the boring, tame one involving every employee from age 16 to 78, and the other one, where a bunch of us younger employees all agreed to meet at a dive bar down the street. I went because I had nothing else to do. That, and I wanted to see Jessi with her hair down.

Everyone was a few beers deep when I walked in. I grabbed a drink and sat down with my produce clique and a bunch of the cashier girls we knew. Dave was saddled right next to Jessi, practically on her lap. She must have caught me staring because she waved at me, and mouthed, "Hey Rigo."

The night wore on—beers, shots, the usual. I wasn't too drunk, but I was craving a cigarette so I wandered around to the rear parking lot to find one. There was Jessi, standing in the freezing cold, her black hair wrapped around her neck like a scarf. She was bundled in her coat and puffing away on a menthol.

"Smoke?" she asked me.

"Sure," I answered, feeling calm. The alcohol helped suppress my raging crush on her.

"Is that your car?" Jessi asked, pointing over to my old Scion xB.

I nodded as she started walking toward it. Jessi leaned up against the back door, and I leaned next to her.

"You know," she said, "I'm leaving after Christmas, and I always thought you were super cute." She batted her eyes, laughed, and turned, pressing her nose to mine. "You want to kiss me, Rigo?"

I didn't answer, I just grabbed her and kissed her. Her lips were soft, wet, and warm, and her tongue took over my entire mouth, slipping in like a snake. We were making out so hard, our cheeks cold but our breath hot. Jessi reached down and felt my cock over my pants, rubbing my package as she guided my hand to her ass. I was in heaven.

"Unlock it," she said, as I searched every pocket in my jacket for the keys. I finally found them and we spilled into the back, Jessi straddling me, her long, thick hair falling all over like silk. I couldn't believe this was real. She undid my pants and pushed me to the side, wedging herself with just enough room to take my shaft into her slobbering mouth. She worked my pole wet and perfectly, only stopping to slap it against the side of her cheek, look up, and smile at me. I was ready to explode.

Jessi lifted up her shirt and her big, juicy tits fell out. She stuck them in my face and I sucked on her icy nipples like it was the last thing I would ever do. She told me to sit up and wiggled off her pants, revealing her dark, velvety bush. Then she slid my cock inside her.

Jessi moaned as she rode me, in full control—teaching me the lesson of a lifetime. She sucked on my thumb and pressed it down onto her clit, swollen, hot, and slick. I rubbed gently. She rode me harder and harder until finally she whispered that she was going to come. I was, too.

As we got closer and closer, she wrapped one of her hands around my throat and squeezed, restricting the blood and air flowing to my brain. I let out a wheeze as my body began to tingle and vibrate. I was about to come hard…and I swear, I blacked out.

When my brain unscrambled, she was kissing me and reaching for her pants. I was speechless….

My body is still buzzing from one of the best sexual experiences of my life.

*—Rigo G., Cedar Rapids, Iowa*

# STRIP TRIP

I CAN'T believe that I'm starting out by saying that I always thought these letters were fake until it happened to me. But I did, and it did.

My husband and I had made plans to go out on a Saturday night, which usually means dinner and a movie. On our way, he turned to me at a red light and said, "Or…" and paused.

I wondered what he was up to. I loved that he was still cooking up ways to keep things exciting in our forties.

"Or what, Alan?" I asked.

I was a pretty shocked when he said, "Let's go to the strip club and get a couples' dance."

I'd never been to one before, but I'd always wanted to. "Fuck it, let's do it!" I said.

The club was dark, but clean. A few girls were onstage letting guys get touchy-feely for dollar bills, while a bunch of other ladies wearing next to nothing were walking around, chatting up anyone who was untethered. A girl came up to us right away. I knew Alan was excited. He whispered something to her, and she led us to a room in the back.

Private room, big recliners, and bottle service! Plus a flurry of hot young girls marching in and out, vying for our attention. But there was this one in particular. Brandy. She was my height—about 5'5'—and she had full, natural breasts. Her waist was so small and the curves of her hips were really sexy. She had tanned skin and long dark hair. I was nervous and turned-on all at the same time. I wasn't sure I wanted to see a woman dance naked for my husband.

"I'll be gentle," she smiled as she straddled me in my chair.

Oh! I didn't realize she'd be dancing for me! I sat there like a statue while she purred in my ear and circled her hips. She looked over at Alan, and then said to me, "It's okay to touch me, you know."

She took her top off and brought my hands to her breasts and squeezed. I looked over at Alan and his eyes were wild with lust. I saw his hard dick through his pants and I started to get wet. I wasn't sure if it was because I was turned-on by the naked stripper, or by the way it turned my husband on, but it was HOT.

**THERE I WAS...TOPLESS IN A STRIP CLUB. I HAD NEVER BEEN SO WORKED UP. MY PANTIES WERE SOAKED.**

Brandy slipped off her panties and my hands drifted to her ass. Her butt was so firm and I rubbed and kneaded it, getting so hot and excited. "Ooooh, she likes the booty!" she said to Alan.

"We both do," he replied.

So she slid over, climbed on top of him, and began grinding on him as she'd done to me. I knew she was putting pressure on his cock, but he was trying to hold it together. He looked really nervous, and it was sweet.

Brandy then leaned over and kissed me, her tongue in my mouth. It felt amazing to kiss her…and I got so wet knowing she was also turning my husband on. I brought her hand up to my chest, guiding her to squeeze it gently while I undid a few buttons of my top. She helped, and then there I was…topless in a strip club. I had never been so worked up. My panties were soaked. Brandy put her mouth on my nipple and expertly flicked her tongue—a wave of ecstasy! I moaned out loud.

"Look at you two!" she said. "You guys are fun!"

Soon I was pretty much naked and we were all groping each other. Brandy was stroking Alan's rock-hard dick over his pants while pinching at my nipples and tongue-kissing me like we were teenagers in heat. Now I wanted to touch her pussy.

I slowly traced my hands up her thighs, daring her to stop me. Daring myself to keep going. I inched closer and closer, and she tilted her pelvis toward me. My fingers reached her lips. Soft, smooth, slippery, divine. I tickled her small, firm, swollen clit.

Wow! I was actually bringing her close to having an orgasm. I felt the wetness at the opening of her slit, and used it like lube while putting pressure on her nub. She managed to unbuckle Alan's pants and was stroking his bare dick faster and faster. He had his eyes closed and looked lost in the moment—a look that sent me over the top with a wave of animal desire. Brandy knew it, too, and pressed her thumb against my clit while slipping two fingers inside me. I moaned so loud, I swear everyone in the club heard me.

I was close to fainting from pleasure. I stopped playing with her, sank back into the velvety recliner, and just soaked up the way it felt to be finger-fucked by a woman.

Next thing I knew, Alan got to his feet, stood behind her, grabbed her hips, and pushed his cock inside her with one big thrust. Brandy let out a yelp and her eyes rolled into the back of her head. I felt a new gush of wetness from being so turned-on, knowing that I was the one who'd made her so slippery for him. Feeling bold, I grabbed the back of her head and shoved her face into my crotch. I wanted her to lick my pussy while I stared at my husband fucking her from behind.

She pounded me, tongue-fucking my hole with the rhythm he was pounding into her, and the pace was perfect. The faster he went, the faster she went. My blood rushed and this intense feeling of heaven flooded all over me. I screamed so loud when I came that Brandy had to cover my mouth with her hand. Alan was about to finish, too, and groaned as he pulled his dick out of her and unloaded his creamy streaks all over her ass and back. We looked at each other for a moment and smiled. What a great adventure.

Brandy stood and cleaned herself up while we all got dressed. She thanked us for being such an amazing couple, waived the room charge, and comped our bar tab. Just kidding! We're still paying off our credit card from that night, but it was so fucking worth it.

***—Eden A., Reno, Nevada***

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# STONED TO THE BONER

## BY MISH BARBER-WAY

I DON'T need any help getting aroused. My marriage isn't that boring yet. Plus, in my line of work, I get a lot of samples of the latest technology in sex toys, lubricants, and, of course, cannabis products.

I've heard of growers bragging about special hybrid strains they've curated, specifically designed to make you horny. After all, cannabis is a natural aphrodisiac and has been used so for centuries.

One of the main cannabinoids in weed is tetrahydrocannabinol (THC), which stimulates the release of dopamine, which mediates pleasure in the brain. Marijuana also helps activate a neurochemical called anandamide, which is known in layman terms as "the bliss molecule."

Scientific studies have argued that the right amount of cannabis intake can enhance sexual experiences by increasing the length and intensity of orgasms. Postcoital partner bonding is also increased—that is, if one jumps right into their "therapeutic window," otherwise known as not getting too high to function.

**SCIENTIFIC STUDIES HAVE ARGUED THAT THE RIGHT AMOUNT OF CANNABIS INTAKE CAN ENHANCE SEXUAL EXPERIENCES BY INCREASING THE LENGTH AND INTENSITY OF ORGASMS.**

Cannabis works with, not against, the body. And it works differently with each person. Unlike pharmaceuticals, which dictate your body's state as soon as you take them, cannabis has a learning curve. I've read that being too high can cause erectile dysfunction. I don't have a penis, but I've fucked a few stoned ones and there's never been an issue.

When a new cannabis-infused edible from 1906 chocolates showed up on my doorstep, I was skeptical. 1906 promised High Love would get me "lustful like never before" with just one bite. With a low THC dose of five milligrams per chocolate, High Love is blended with a variety of ancient herbs that are supposed to enhance the experience: damiana, catuaba, muira puma, yohimbe, and vanilla.

Damiana is a wild shrub that grows in Mexico, Central America, and the West Indies. It's used to treat a myriad of problems such as headaches, depression, constipation, and even bedwetting, but historically, it's an aphrodisiac. Catuaba is related to the coca plant, but lacks the alkaloids found in cocaine. It's a strong antioxidant that increases dopamine, while making sexual stimulation both powerful and lush. Muira puma is from the same Amazon region as catuaba, but is known as a remedy for impotence as well as a general health aid. Clinical studies at UCLA proved that the root had a significant impact on men with erectile issues. Yohimbe hails from Africa and is normally taken as a dietary supplement. Though also extracted and used in the prescription drug world, the natural form of the tree's bark is said to help with sexual arousal and aiding boners; it's also used in place of antidepressants. Lastly, vanilla smells and tastes yummy.

Clearly, all the herbs in the High Love chocolates were there for his boner, not my pleasure. This is kind of how the world works. But I'm not mad. Boners are simple. The female anatomy is much more complex. "Mother Nature is a bitch and she rules all," I told myself as I ate one of the chocolates and sidled up to my husband in our bed.

It's hard to tell if High Love enhanced my horniness. I was already in the mood after a torturous week of no sex; besides, any form of cannabis takes my arousal from zero to prom-night-wasted. Five milligrams is a great dose, especially for those who are new to the edibles game. The chances of smashing headfirst out your therapeutic window on five milligrams of THC are very low. (If you are paranoid, I suggest nibbles like a tiny little squirrel.)

Of course, I added a very soothing sideshow to the High Love experience: the Pulse, a high-tech bedside lubricant dispenser. This light-up spaceship-shaped machine warms the all-natural lube beforehand and eliminates the awkward squeezing-out of the bottle. You just slide your hand under and it comes right out, just like one of those automated sinks in a hotel lobby bathroom. (We tried the aloe vera mixture. It was heaven.)

Sex is fabulous when you are slightly stoned. All your senses become elated, and even the smallest movement can shock your body into the nice side of oblivion. Depressants like alcohol numb the experience (although booze does make it funnier when you struggle to undress), whereas cannabis creates a cheetah-like coolness in human movements. You slink over one another like jungle cats. It's a powerful weed.

I don't smoke pot on the regular. In fact, I prefer any method to smoking. In my anxiety-ridden skull, cannabis is best used for sexual and medicinal purposes. I've got a busy mind. The only time it shuts up is when I'm having sex. Combining botanicals, chocolate, and cannabis created a silencing high that let me focus on what was important: coming.

PHOTO: TAMMY SANDS

# THE PIZZA DELIVERY GUY'S MOM

### BY DAVE CARNIE

MY wife Tania and I have this rating system we call FTP. It stands for “Fuck. That. Place.” I gave one of our (very limited) pizza delivery options an FTP rating over a year ago after they committed a number of offenses, the most egregious being the cancellation of our order.

“Sure, we’ll make you a pizza,” they said when they accepted our online order and charged the card. Then, over an hour later, well after the appointed delivery time, we received a text that said they had decided not to make our pizza.

“On second thought, nah, we’re not going to make the pizza.”

Fuckers. They did that twice. It was after the second incident that I said, “Never again!” and gave them a very solid FTP rating. Showed them. Jerks.

But then we recently went and ordered a pizza from them by accident. Must have pushed the wrong button or something. “PIZZA! DERRR!” But it arrived without incident and Tania and I were forced to admit that the erratic pizza restaurant’s pizza was actually much better than the more reliable pizza source we had replaced them with. Thus, with great reluctance, we allowed this very unstable pizza place back into our lives.

But while the erratic pizza is better than the more reliable pizza, it’s not that much better. It’s still just pizza. The real reason we’ve lifted the sanctions on Erratic Pizza (I guess it’s called “Erratic Pizza” now?) is because of Erratic Pizza’s delivery guy. He’s adorable. He’s short and round, old and bald. Sort of looks like an Armenian Danny DeVito. For the most part, he’s very polite, gentle even, but a dark veil of melancholy envelops him. We love him because he’ll usually do or say something that one would expect from an employee of a place that will accept a food order, then, an hour later, announce that they have decided not to accept the food order.

The first time Pizza Delivery Guy arrived on my doorstep, he grumbled the whole time about being late. His coworkers were to blame and he was very, very, very sorry on their behalf.

“Oh, no big deal,” I said. “We’re just hanging out. No hurry.”

“Must be nice,” he sneered.

Must be nice. Those three words, combined with the dejected puppy look he gave, meant: “Must be nice…that you get to sit at home and watch TV and gorge yourself on pizza while I have to work my ass off all night.”

“What did he just say?” Tania asked after I closed the door. Tania couldn’t hear the details of our conversation, but she had gathered that it wasn’t the usual delivery-to-customer banter.

“I’m not sure,” I said, grinning from ear to ear. “But I love that little man because that was the weirdest exchange I’ve ever had with a pizza delivery guy.”

The next time he arrived he insinuated that I was high.

“Bet you couldn’t wait for this, huh?” he said, handing me my pizza.

“Uh, yeah,” I said, unsure what he was getting at.

“You’re probably pretty hungry by now, huh?” he said. Wink, wink. “Yeah? You got the munchies?”

Pizza Delivery Guy didn’t wink, but he may as well have. “I know you’re high,” he seemed to say, “but don’t worry, it’ll be our little secret.”

I was not high, but I went along with it anyway because that seemed like the appropriate thing to do. “Oh yeah, man,” I said in my best Jeff Spicoli voice, “so hungry, dude.”

Pizza Delivery Guy liked that. His face flushed with the warmth of validation. Everyone was happy.

All of our interactions since then have been variations on that theme: Hope you’re enjoying yourself while I slave away at work. This went on long enough that we began to develop a relationship of sorts. Part of my reason for ordering a pizza often began with a desire to see how Pizza Delivery Guy was doing. He even admitted at one point that he missed me sometimes. But Pizza Delivery Guy turned our relationship up a notch on this most recent order.

"Hey! How you doing?" I said when I opened the door and saw his shiny dome. "It's been awhile, huh?"

"Yes, yes, it's been awhile," he said. He seemed sadder than usual as he pulled the pizza box out of the carrier. "But I'm fine. I'm fine."

As he handed me the pizza, however, he changed his mind. "Actually, I'm not fine," he said abruptly. "I can't lie. I don't like to lie. I'm not fine. I'm not going to lie to you and tell you that I'm fine when I'm not fine."

"Oh no," I said, dumbfounded. "What's wrong?"

"My mom died yesterday," he said.

"Oh wow," I said, surprised—surprised because I didn't realize he had a mother, surprised that she was now dead, surprised he never introduced her before, but mostly surprised that Pizza Delivery Guy was delivering pizza AND his dead mother to my doorstep. I don't remember ordering a bag of bummers.

"Yeahhhh," he said with a giant sigh. "I went to Vegas over the weekend and while I was driving home yesterday they pulled the plug on her."

In response, I should have offered my condolences, or said something like, "Oh man, that sucks. I'm so sorry." But instead, I latched on to "Vegas."

"No way, you were in Vegas this weekend?" I said. "We were, too! How weird."

I corrected myself by saying that we weren't technically in Las Vegas, rather we stayed in Stateline, Nevada. And then I told Pizza Delivery Guy a story about the paranormal investigator we met at the Pioneer Saloon. I don't know why. I guess the news about his mother made me think of ghosts.

The Pioneer Saloon is an old timey saloon in the desert. We'd been sitting at a picnic table on the back patio, drinking, when a lady approached and politely asked if she could pet our dachshund.

"Ohhhh, look at the little precious!" she said, scratching his ears.

I think the best way to describe this lady is that she looked like a pioneer woman who lives in the desert: large, loud, and surly. We took a liking to her immediately.

Pioneer Woman said that she had three dachshunds of her own at home and she's training them to be paranormal investigators. Tania and I were unable to stifle our laughter at this news. "Herding cats," the colorful metaphor for any task that could be described as "impossible," could just as easily be substituted with "training dachshunds." Stubborn beasts.

"Good luck with that," I said.

Pioneer Woman, we learned, is a member of a loose-knit group of desert ghostbusters. She hosts "Haunted Lockdowns" at the saloon with EVPs, and EMFs, and whatever other digital contraptions paranormal enthusiasts like to pretend detect the presence of spirits. Apparently there are a lot of ghosts at the saloon. Pioneer Woman reported that her own house is haunted by a pair of mischievous children. Her guttersnipe ghosts are fond of hiding Pioneer Woman's stuff. Most recently her iPad. Again. It happens a lot. When the ghost children hide the iPad, Pioneer Woman has to drive to the Apple store in town so they can activate the locator function.

"The ghosts hid the iPad again!" I imagine her yelling when she bursts into the store. "Activate the locator beacon!"

"I mean, come on," Pioneer Woman said to us, visibly frustrated by the insolence of these phantom scamps. "That's my iPad. I got work and stuff on that thing."

The iPad was located under her bed, by the way.

"Child ghosts?" Tania said when Pioneer Woman took her leave. "Yeah right. The only ghosts she's got in her house are named Jack Daniels and Jim Beam."

Anyway, back to my porch with Pizza Delivery Guy. "Can you believe that?" I said to him. "Dachshunds hunting ghosts?" That's ridachulous!" (I've got a million wiener jokes, too, by the way.)

Pizza Delivery Guy seemed puzzled by my story about Pioneer Woman. Good. That was the point. Because if you are going to come to my front door and invoke the specter of your dead mother while handing me a pizza, that means that propriety is off the table and anything goes. I can get down with that.

**IF YOU ARE GOING TO COME TO MY FRONT DOOR AND INVOKE THE SPECTER OF YOUR DEAD MOTHER WHILE HANDING ME A PIZZA, THAT MEANS ANYTHING GOES.**

"Well, anyway," I offered, "you should take it easy and try to get some rest."

"Get some rest," he groused while rubbing his forehead. "Yeah, that would be nice, I haven't slept in two days."

"Okay, well, I hope you feel better," I said, collecting my pizza and closing the door. "Good to see you again sorry about your mom buh-bye!"

"Get some rest," I heard him muttering to himself as he walked down the stairs.

I felt sorta kinda bad. Pizza or not, the man's mother died and he was probably just trying to reach out to somebody, anybody. (He also may have been trying to guilt-trip me into tipping him more. I wouldn't put it past him.) Despite the fact that we are technically delivery person and customer, and our porch trysts only occur once every two months for approximately one minute and thirty seconds on my front steps, we have a serious relationship. And my lil' guy needs me.

So I thought maybe an obituary in the back of *Penthouse* would be a fitting tribute to his mother. Pizza Delivery Guy's mom may be gone, but she is not forgotten. I look forward to getting to know her over our next pizza.

**In Loving Memory of Pizza Delivery Guy's Mom**

Pizza Delivery Guy's Mom, of Glendale, California, died Sunday, March 5, 2017. She passed away in the hospital after doctors "pulled the plug." She is survived by her son, Pizza Delivery Guy, who was unable to return from Las Vegas in time to be present at the bedside for her passing (which comes as no surprise since he can't even deliver a pizza on time). RIP Pizza Delivery Guy's Mom.

**BARBIE LEWIS**

**PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH, JULY 1974**

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I laid her on her back and expressed strokes of oral fondness to her sweet shaven flower which she seemed to be enjoyably sensitive to. I softly licked and gently sucked the magic emanating from her smooth flowery pedals and applied both simultaneously to budding style until she wriggled away.

After sipping some champaign, she retreated to the bathroom to change into an exceptionally hot lingerie outfit. Holy mackerel, this young thing oozed sexuality.

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